

The TATLER

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London, July 15, 1931

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The TATLER

Vol. CXXI. No. 1568.

London, July 15, 1931

POSTAGE: Inland 2d.; Canada and
Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 4d.

Price One Shilling



MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD
STARRING IN A NEW FILM, "MY SIN"

The latest picture of the famous actress as the American photographers see her. After a success in her first talkie "Tarnished Lady," Miss Bankhead has now done well, so it is reported, in her second one, "My Sin," by Henri Bernstein in which she is playing opposite to Mr. Fred March, and plays the part of an erring girl who falls in love with a lawyer

The Letters of Eve



A PHYLLIS COURT PARTY ON THE LAST DAY OF HENLEY

A little supper party at that comfortable up-river spot on the night after the last contest had been rowed. In the picture are Miss Amy Douglas, the Hon. Pat and Mrs. Moynihan, who was Miss Jerne Candy—they were married in April—Mr. Kentfield, Miss May Stroud, and Dr. Donald Bateman. The outstanding feature of this year's Henley has been the sweeping success of London R.C., who won the Grand, the Thame and the Stewards, and H. R. A. Edwards, who was in their "A" crew, also had a triple success



AT NEWMARKET: SIR JOHN RUTHERFORD AND MRS. CLAYTON

Sir John Rutherford owns Orpen, who ran second in the Derby, and also owns his sire, Solario, who won the Leger in 1925. The racing Behind the Ditch at the first and second Julys is always amongst the pleasantest in the whole year

GROSVENOR SQUARE, S.W.1.

MASKS are hot, my dear, but well worth while, for the minute you get people to wear them at a dance there is an unself-conscious spirit abroad which makes for the jolliest evening.

It was the greatest pity to cover up some of the faces who came to Lady Howard de Walden's bal masqué at Seaford House. Others perhaps were improved, but it wouldn't do to go into that.

Anyway, the better looking a person is the more grotesque she is likely to make herself. Mrs. Ronald Balfour was one of the most wagish, with a long beard attached to a hideous false face.

* * *

WHite masks and dominoes are, I think, more disengaging than anything. No one could possibly have detected Lady Hartington under hers in spite of that straight nose which is almost unrivalled.

Simply killing were the people who hid behind travesties of their own features; funnier still if one had been allowed to develop the idea and caricature each other, but Lord Hambleden and Lady

Beatrice Ormsby-Gore as "to see ourselves, etc." were most sporting.

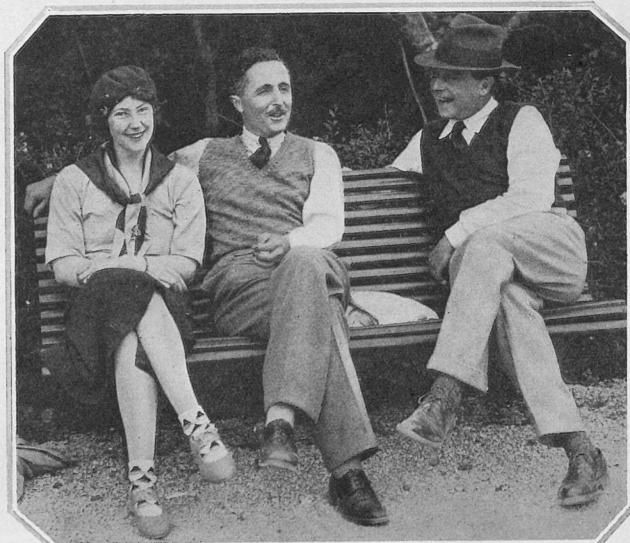
On the decorative side were Miss Bronwen Scott-Jasper (shepherdess, with lots of willing sheep, by the way), Mrs. Jasper Ridley, very Spanish, and Lady Mary Grey in a crinoline. Nowadays it is almost impossible to tell if a Victorian frock is a fancy dress or just the "latest." There is no difference. And, my dear, the hats! We can't escape them; the sooner you wear a gold bowler that looks as if it belonged to a saxophone, the smarter you'll be.

It's doubtful whether Mr. Eddie Marsh could be included in the "ornamental" category, though his wig of fair baby curls was very fetching.

Lady Howard de Walden was as well disguised as anyone, but finding her standing at the top of Seaford House's famous green marble staircase did of course simplify the problem for the most indifferent sleuth.

* * *

Springing surprises is an art which should be encouraged. It is so stimulating to one's powers of appreciation.



BUCKS CLUB AT LE TOUQUET: LADY GAGE, MR. MICHAEL HORNBY, AND LORD GAGE

Some more pictures of Bucks Club expeditionary force to Le Touquet appear on p. 103 in this issue. Thanks to the absence of depressions and troughs of low pressure it was an entire success. Lady Gage was formerly the Hon. Imogen Grenfell

When I consulted my programme at Mr. and Mrs. Tinling's musical party at 52, New Cavendish Street, I found that Miss Gwendolen Mason had brought her harp. Splendid, I thought, this is going to be a good evening. Then my eye travelled down till it met a mysterious X. Who was this unknown quantity who was going to sing to us? Nobody knew.

Lady Beecham, in blue satin, was clearly tremendously curious; Miss "Bunny" Ryan hadn't an idea; Lady Clancarty and her protégée; Lady Bailly, whose white frock was simply lovely, were equally at sea. Dr. Mather Thompson brought his scientific brain to bear on the problem without success. Mr. Lissant Beardmore can glide but couldn't guess, and my neighbour suggested that Sir Ernest Petter and Admiral Taylor should lead a crusade against such mysteries. Even Mrs. Shuttleworth and Mr. Esmond Harmsworth were puzzled.

Who do you think it turned out to be? Mrs. Tinling herself, and she *can* sing and no mistake. Terrific applause from astounded friends.

* * *

She had been training in secret for this event and her superb contralto sounded admirably in German Lieder, Italian lyrics or French opera. Sir Amanda Mola was most enthusiastic. He, you know, is a distinguished Italian General who was knighted by the King during the war.

Miss Monica Merlin's gold frock sprinkled with black sequins demanded notice,



MISS GWEN FARRAR AND MR. REX EVANS
AT A RECENT PARTY

Sasha

At this party, which was given by Miss Haliburton Wilson at her home at Chesham Place, Miss Gwen Farrar was the eventual happy possessor of the picture by Hyne which was auctioned by Miss Ruby Miller for the League of Mercy funds

had not been formally introduced. The initial handshaking had evidently quite slipped his memory.

Miss Rosemary Glyn was there, *with* stockings this time. You may observe the emphasis with surprise, so I'll explain that at three previous prancing parties she had appeared without them, and no one was one penny the wiser.

Miss Patricia Villiers-Stuart, wearing her old-world blue frock, was fresh from Dorset, where the house-party was a few men short, but she didn't notice it. How nice to be such a success.

* * *

The habit of late-coming has established itself firmly this season. From the point of view of the guest who has other fish to fry first this may be a good idea, but the hostess can hardly take it as a compliment, can she? However, Mrs. More-Molyneux was quite pleased to see Lady Violet Pakenham when she arrived at her ball at 3.5 a.m. This was at Loseley Park, which is by way of being haunted. It has a lovely garden,

and some guests were not slow to seize the opportunities offered thereby. Miss Doreen Butler, for once committed to the care of a young brother, was enjoying herself very much. Miss Verona Lockett, who has one of the loudest laughs in London, was in pink to match her nice face, and I saw Miss Bricky Cohen, who has a house in the Duke's country, busily inventing rumours. She was dancing with Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart at the time.

Great rejoicing, by the way, that the "star débütante" has had her latchkey returned to her.

* * *

Mr. Anthony Irby, who owns a flat over a fish shop, gave a cocktail party on Wednesday. One young man had experienced some difficulty in finding the place, and to save others a like search had the sound notion of using

(Continued overleaf)

d 2



AT JUAN LES PINS: MISS KATHLEEN DONOGHUE AND STEVE MINOR

The daughter and younger son of Steve Donoghue whom everyone is glad to see riding as well as ever this season and quite recovered from his bad smash last year. Steve's elder boy Pat is following in father's footsteps and is a good little jockey

and Miss Campbell, whose home is that much photographed place Layer Marnie Towers in Essex, also made a good effect in white.

Miss Gemma Fagan was quite ravishing in a night blue décor. Her father was there too, and I heard him being introduced as "the man who gave birth to the Imperial Duchess."

* * *

There was an amusing episode at Lady Bird's dance. Half-way through the evening a distinguished foreigner came up to our hostess and begged permission to take the floor with her, if she would overlook the fact that they



A GROUP AT AYSTON HALL, UPPINGHAM

Ayston is Mr. Jimmy Finch's home on the Cottesmore-Fernie border. He was for many years secretary of the Cottesmore and no two better known people than he and his wife inhabit the Shires. In the group are Mrs. Gillian, wife of Major Gillian of Bowden Hall, Mr. Jimmy Finch, Lady Nutting, wife of Sir Harold Nutting, Joint Master of the Quorn, Miss Peggy Finch, Mrs. Jenny Finch and, in front, Mrs. Finch, senior

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

the board on which the fishmonger displayed his cut prices as a sign-post: "Cod, 2s. 6d. Anthony Irby upstairs."

Lady Hélène Hay brought an attendant, and Miss Jean Hay



CAPTAIN AND MRS. WALTER DOUGLAS FAULKNER

Who were married last week at the Guards' Chapel, the reception being held afterwards at the Duke of Buccleuch's town house, as the bride, who was Miss Patricia Montagu-Douglas-Scott, is the Duke's niece and a daughter of Lord and Lady Herbert Scott. Captain W. D. Faulkner, M.C., is in the Irish Guards.

It started round about 9 p.m., and all sorts of diverting aquatic sports had been arranged. In one event it was a case of a blow at a venture for balloons had to be propelled by wind-power from one end of the pool to the other. Then lighted candles had to be borne aloft during a speed trial; I can assure you it's not easy to be in the swim with one fin out of action so to speak. After such furious exercises, kippers and eggs and bacon were made very welcome indeed.

* * *

One of the nicest dances of the week was Comtesse André de Limur's in Grosvenor Square. There were only about 150 people there, and as the Comte is an attaché at the French Embassy, it was all very diplomatic and in the grand manner.

People were struggling with foreign tongues. One tried did his halting best, and then suddenly burst out with "I wish to heavens you spoke English."

Miss Diane Chamberlain was late and lovely, and Mlle. Sylvie de Oliveira looked delightful, as is her invariable custom. She was in green. There were two champagne

a cauliflower tied with red ribbons for her host. Other guests included Miss Rosemary Dawson, Lord FitzHarris, Miss Georgia Pelham-Clinton, a vegetable marrow and a lemon, which Miss Olivia James presented to the co-host, Mr. Manuel de Turbe.

* * *

A wet night has a rather sinister sound, and I might mislead you if I applied this description to Lady Naylor-Leyland's bathing-pool party at the International Sportsmen's Club. However, the adjective is technically correct, for everyone took to the water with zest.



AT THE DOUGLAS-HOME-SPENCER WEDDING

The Hon. Henry Douglas-Home, second son of the Earl and Countess of Home, arriving at the Great Brington church, Northamptonshire, for his wedding to Lady Margaret Spencer, Lord and Lady Spencer's youngest daughter. With him is his best man, Lord Dunglass. The Bishop of Winchester, who officiated, is behind. The other officiating clergy were the Rev. H. O. Cavalier and the Rev. H. Waterworth

buffets and we had the Hungaria Band to dance to and for breakfast.

* * *

"Edinburgh wants you," said a voice, and hopes ran high of Holyrood news. Sure enough it was my Scottish sleuth on the telephone, but being of a careful nature she cut off the conversation in its prime.

No outrageous clothes at the Court, she said, but a lot of little muffs and posies. The Queen looked glorious. The Duchess of Montrose had a shorter frock than most, and the Duke was resplendent in R.N.V.R. uniform, as a change from his usual Highland war paint. Mrs. Pearson (Lady Constance Blackburn's daughter) admirable in flowered silk and Lady Mar most charming in black and white.

Lord Mar, Sir Norman Orr-Ewing (just appointed an A.D.C. to the King), Lord Rosebery and Colonel Hayton-Drummond, all there as members of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland. These Royal Archers, well armed with bows and arrows, wear dark green, their bonnets decorated with eagles' feathers; and the sombre glory of Holyrood, with its lovely tapestries and silver sconces, made an ideal background for them.

The rest was silence after a promise of a letter later.

* * *

Lady Wavertree yearly serves up a wonderful tennis dish for which a *couvert* costs 25s. More than worth it when you are helping the Invalid Children's Aid Association and observing one of the best possible entertainments into the bargain. Her recipe is as follows: A large handful of Wimbledon cracks round which the "dressing" revolves. This is made up of a good spoonful of "Almanac de Gotha" with equal parts of Debrett, Mayfair, Kensington, and Suburbia, flavoured with friends and supporters of the performers.

Directions: Stir well, and place in a mould of shady garden, round two grass courts, garnished with comfortable chairs; warm with a glorious sun, temper with cooling breezes, and add a sauce *piquante* of tea, ices, strawberries and cream.

* * *

Getting off the "Beeton" track, I will proceed to tell you of some who were there, though they've already been recorded pretty freely.

Princess Helena Victoria arrived very punctually accompanied by Princess Ingrid of Sweden, a most attractive person in cherry-colour crêpe de chine and a jaunty hat. The royal procession continued when Princess Alice came with Lady May Cambridge and Lord Athlone. Princess Helena chaffed them with having remained in the background whilst she and Princess Ingrid had had to face a regiment of photographers. These were shortly shooed off by Lady Wavertree, who is a splendid organizer and anxious that "something should happen."

Lots of men—our host, distinguished by his cerise carnation and descriptive gestures; Lord Portarlington, unsuccessfully hidden behind an I.Z. tie; Colonel "Pongo" Tilney with huge cigar; and Colonel Claude Hawker very "nippy" at tea.

* * *

A word or two to hand from Warwick. In spite of growls of distant thunder the weather quite kind for the Royal Show's opening. Perfect setting for the show ground, those age-old trees and the towers of Warwick Castle in the distance. Acres of tents. Entries in all classes quite up to, if not above, usual standard. Very nice young horses in the hunter classes.

Lord Daresbury, evidently quite pleased at having no official position for once, had a good word for everyone. Lady Daresbury, looking particularly nice, as usual most cheerful.

Mr. Ronald Burke, present honorary director and constant worker for the Royal's well-being, very fully occupied making circular tours on his feet or a horse.

Another busy person held up a turnstile for three-quarters of an hour by getting stuck in it. Stout fella!—Yours, EVE.

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A BILL OF THE PLAYS



"THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH": SIR BULLION BLOUNT (MR. PERCY HEMING) AND THE CABARET GIRLS



Stage Photo Co.
MRS. DALEBROOK (MISS NELLIE BRIERCLIFFE) AND DAISY (MISS MARJORIE HICKLIN)



MISS WINNIE MELVILLE AND MR. DEREK OLDHAM

(Left) MISS ETHELIND TERRY IN "NINA ROSE"

Walter Bird

Two of the prettiest little plays of the moment probably are "The Fountain of Youth" and "The Piper," its curtain raiser, a version of Browning's poem. "The Fountain of Youth" is all about a wonderful spring which causes all those who drink from it to become youthful again—even an old dog becomes a puppy once more, and Miss Nellie Briercliffe, an old lady, goes back to sweet seventeen and becomes the leading lady of the Rosebud Cabaret. In the picture she is being upbraided by her own daughter, Miss Ethelind Terry is Nina in the new and quite jolly musical comedy, "Nina Rose," which has made good at the Lyceum. The bottom right picture displays Miss Renée Kelly (Millicent) and Mr. Lawrence Anderson (Lord Roxton) and Miss Christine Barry as the Maid in Mr. Walter Ellis's amusing play at the Garrick. Mr. Derek Oldham and his pretty wife have been doing a tour of the provinces in "Forever After."



Sasha
MISS RENEE KELLY, MR. LAWRENCE ANDERSON, AND MISS CHRISTINE BARRY

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

EXPENSIVE as the first July meeting may have been, much of the racing was extremely interesting, and Mr. Fawcett, who was handicapping at Newmarket for the first time, made no error in the Duke of Cambridge Handicap, in which there was hardly a length between the first five. Short Hand showed himself to be a useful and improving colt by winning the Exeter by six lengths, but the two plums of the meeting were the July Cup and the Princess of Wales Stakes. In the former, Xandover, who is slightly reminiscent of Royal Minstrel, made the whole of the running, to win by a length from Stingo, with Fleeting Memory a short head away, third. Possibly Wragg rode Stingo to orders as a doubtful stayer, but it appeared that had he been allowed to stride along he would at any rate have made a much closer race of it. The third is a very good handicapper about a stone below top class. The Princess of Wales showed that The Recorder gets a mile and a half, and probably we shan't see a better race this year. Both he and Pomme d'Api appeared to be beaten, but both came again in the gamiest way, and no one would have been surprised to see a triple dead-head given or any one of the three given a short head win. Considering that The Recorder was meeting the three-year-olds, neither of them quite first-class, at less than weight for age, it rather blows on his reputation or enhances this year's crop.

One must give a good mark to Pomme d'Api, who starting at Liverpool has run no less than eight times, including the Guineas and Derby, with the strong preparation that accompanies them, and has seldom been out of the first three. On the last day Clustine showed up as one that can go above a bit, and Firdausi won the Fulbourne after swerving all over the course though too far in front to interfere with anything else. This well-bred two-year-old of the Aga Khan's had nothing very much to beat, but if he keeps sound and right he may be a good one next season. Nothing so green, poor, and backward has won a race this year.

With all the much-talked-of improvements on the July course it is to be hoped that the little haycocks left about the place will be more carefully dried in future. If everyone wore dark green frocks it wouldn't matter.

Riding a hack on the July course seems to be coming into favour, though it doesn't seem to have been decided as to what is the correct costume. Probably trousers with a strap under the instep are best as so many can't get into tight-riding overalls for nuts.

After such a bad Newmarket it was but natural that there should be standing-room only at Alexandra Park on the Saturday. However hard it may be elsewhere the going is always on the soft side here, and the five furlongs takes more getting than one gives it credit for. How nearly, how very nearly, did old Canfield, after his course of selling plates, bring off a coup in the July Handicap, but the deadness of the going defeated him, and after looking a winner all over he faded out in the last fifty yards. A mild sensation was caused by the arrival of a young gentleman disguised as a rustic in a stage harvest scene, who, having presented most of the pencils with cigars or nuts, proceeded to tear money off them in lumps. By about the fifth race, so far out were they reaching for him that many were only nominally

in Tattersalls, their feet being held in baulk by their clerks. The last race was again won by Lord Bill, this being his sixth win this season, and Butters must be congratulated on having put new heart into what was looked on as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond.

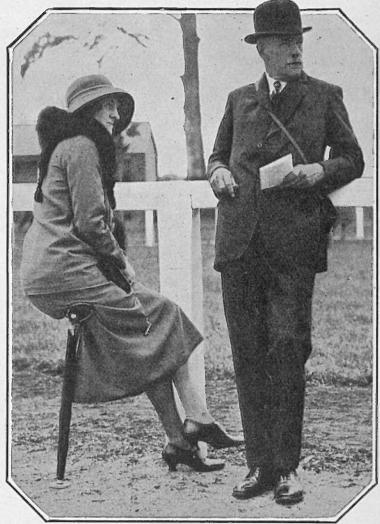
It will be interesting, if not actually vital, to see what will be done about race-courses and the Land Tax, for it is an extremely serious matter.

After the performance in our legislative assembly the other day, it seems a tragedy that our destinies should be in such hands, and certainly some of the custodians from the "silver tank" should be employed instead of sexagenarian messengers to deal with this sort of low schlemozzle.

The Midlands never seem to be quite fairly treated in the matter of racing, the days allotted to them being almost invariably at the beginning of the week with never a Saturday.

The attendance at Nottingham was very thin, but it must be admitted that barring the Harrington Stakes the racing was not worth going very far to see. Frank Hartigan won his usual two races the first day, though perhaps Ennis Bridge was a shade lucky. Wragg, on Pictoralas, was going twice as fast as the winner at the end, as he was on Indian File in the next race and on St. Fortunat at Bibury on the Tuesday. Here, again, Weyhill won two races, with Yellow Oriel, whom we haven't seen on a race-course for some time, and La Fontaine. The "bumpers" races as usual were great fun. So few of the riders get more than a mile that the horses with an under-developed homing instinct wander in any direction in their search for the paddock, and look coming towards one like a covey of partridges swerving and swinging as they face a strong wind.

We are pleased to be able to state at the moment of writing that the health of the members of the enclosure is unimpaired.



AT NOTTINGHAM: LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. CLIFTON

Nottingham clashed with the Bibury Club Meeting, but it did not seem to make much difference as there were plenty of runners and plenty of people looking on. Colonel Clifton is the son of the late Sir Hervey Bruce, 4th Baronet, and assumed the name of Clifton by Royal Licence.

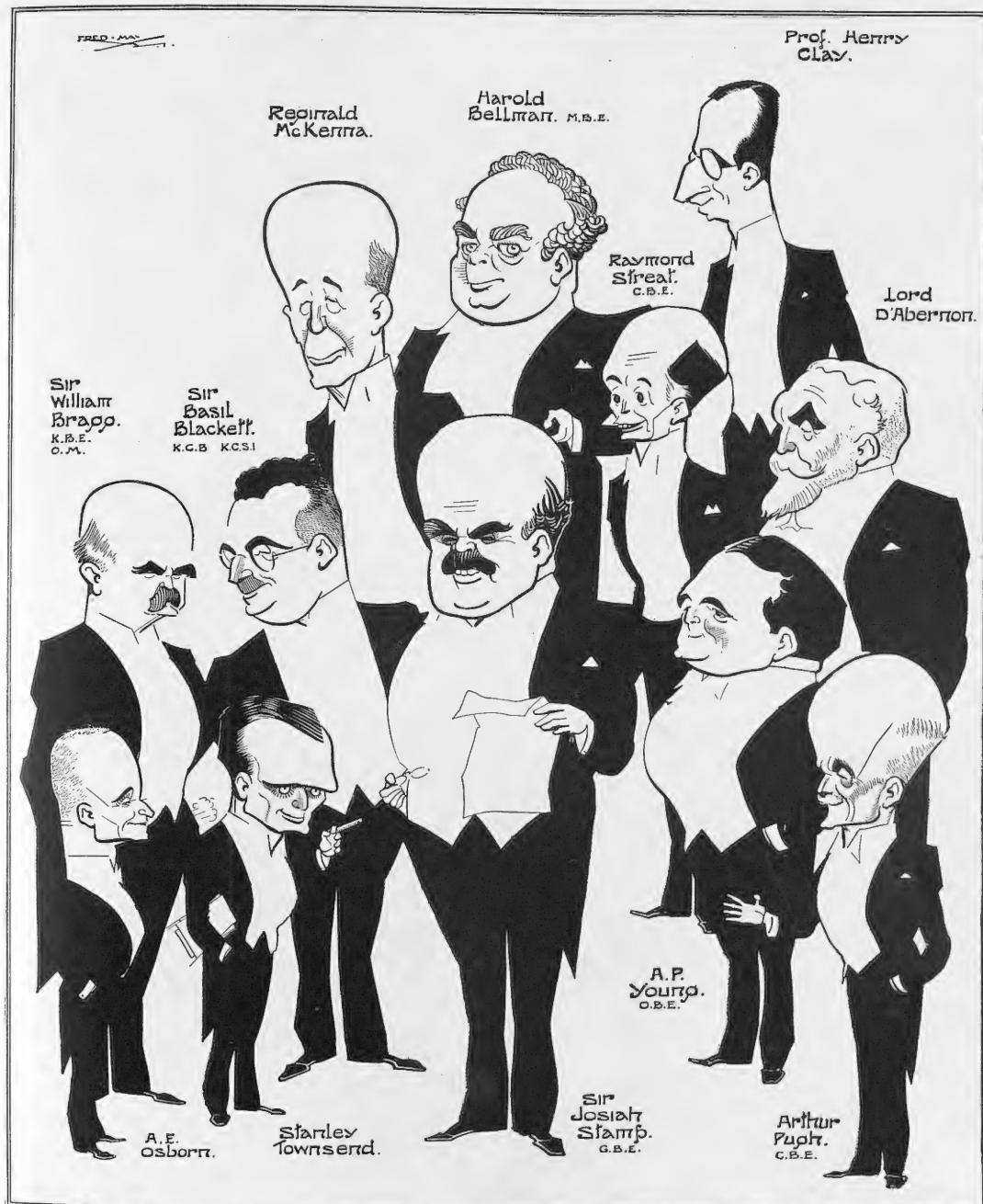
His seat is Clifton Hall, Nottingham



FRED TEMPLEMAN AND A LEG (ROYAL)

A Bibury impression of Fred Templeman giving H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester a leg up on Chatterer, on which H.R.H. finished third in the one-mile Bibury Welter Plate last week, at Salisbury. Fred Templeman trains Chatterer and many others, of course

THE BANQUET TO SIR JOSIAH STAMP



AMONGST THOSE WE NOTICED—BY FRED MAY

There was probably a great enough weight in first-class brains at this dinner to Sir Josiah Stamp to sink a battleship.* It was organized, as a welcome back from his recent expedition to Canada, by a number of his friends and associates in economic and public work as a small recognition of his great services in promoting the application of economic science to practical affairs. Sir Basil Blackett, who like Sir Josiah Stamp is a Director of the Bank of England, was in the chair at this dinner, and others on the dinner committee with him were Sir Robert Horne, Professor Henry Clay, and Mr. Arthur Pugh was Honorary Secretary. It took place at the Park Lane Hotel



Mrs. DAVID K. E. BRUCE

The daughter of Mr. Andrew W. Mellon, President Hoover's Number One in this War Debts Moratorium business, and Secretary of the U.S. Treasury. Mrs. David Bruce has been with her husband at the Ritz in Paris, following their stay in London, and are to pass the summer on the French Riviera, where they have taken a villa, and where they are being joined by Mr. Andrew W. Mellon, and Mr. Paul Mellon, who graduated from Cambridge in June

by comparison, scarcely matter at all—standing, as these war books seem to presume, practically alone. The one thing which really matters is camouflaged; the awful reality, its worthiness or its utter waste, hidden behind the tremendous paraphernalia of war equipment, the cries of the human heart drowned by the fanfare of bands and speeches, hectic laughter, and equally hectic song; patriotism become hysteria. So that reading of war the inexperienced mind sees it only as a series of drills, comradeship, forced marches, filth, squalor, death; but all unreal because it happens to be somebody else. And yet, war, after all, to each young man means eventually this—the recurrent moment when in the midst of health he may suddenly be sent into oblivion, or return horribly maimed, broken, ruined; perhaps, and for ever afterwards so long as he lives, a pariah, unutterably lonely because he lives on *knowing* in a world which can only *imagine*, and so has merely a morbid curiosity in his experiences, when it is not actually indifferent. But in this recurrent moment the soldier is deaf to the fanfare of trumpeting at home, he has forgotten the speeches; the preliminaries have become as if they had never been. He stands alone, and lonely, face to face with death—that terrifying spectre towards which he has been pitchforked by a hundred circumstances quite outside his own volition. It is because Walter Owen's little book, "The Cross of Carl" (Richards, 5s.), deals exclusively with such a moment that it is realism in the only true and yet most unpopular sense. Other war books have overlooked this supreme moment in vivid description of things which, leading up to it, faded away into unimportance as the hour strikes. The world doesn't like to visualize actual death even when it is lived through by somebody else; either does not like or cannot, which is almost the same thing. And so, rather wonderful as this book is, I believe it will not be popular,

The One Real Aspect of War.

At last we have a War book written around the only aspect of war which really matters, at least, to the individual soldier. The aspect of *death*—death sudden, lingering, horribly painful, or painlessly instantaneous. All else is mere preliminary for that terrible moment. And of these preliminaries most war books are made, so that quite often this terrible but all-important moment is lost sight of in long descriptions of those things which,

though it deals with the only real aspect of War which counts. People may even sneer at it because (unfortunately) it assumes as being true that myth which depicts the dying Carl being delivered over to the German factory for the utilization of corpses as fat. They may even discount it altogether, because the author boldly states that he was never in the War at all. Indeed, perhaps, and writing purely from a knowledge of human nature and "good publicity," it is rather a pity that the truth regarding the authorship has been told. In the face of any haunting and mentally-disturbing fact, humanity is only too apt to belittle its veracity. And so, when people read that this book is represented as being the product of psychic phenomena written by a semi-invalid in the Argentine, who, through a bi-location of consciousness, became temporarily identified with the personality of a simple German soldier, and so actually shared his experiences, most of them will dismiss the book as being a rather grim form of fiction, of no account whatsoever in the gaudy, noisy pageantry which is War. They will fail to see that in language which is haunting in its beauty and descriptive power, the writer has painted from imagination the most terrible of all moments in a fighter's life—the moment when death in its more horrible form comes to his comrades and eventually to himself. The book is divided into four parts: "Gethsemane," "Golgotha," "Sépulture," and "Resurrection." The titles tell the theme of the story, which is also an allegory of all that the soul of the dying soldier went through in the moment preceding death. Nevertheless, they will be rather nonplussed in their indifference if they read General Sir Ian Hamilton's perfunctory praise of the book, its meaning, and its reality. He writes: ". . . Not Richter, nor Wagner, nor Blake, nor de Quincey can—though many of my friends will think it blasphemous to say so—hold a candle to this hapless, ill-starred wight named Carl. To me, and I dare only write as I think, Carl is more intense than the creations of those other great and famous men; dying, he is more there—more alive—even if he never was alive and never was really there." And that, after all, is the writing of a soldier who knows what war is; not that of a critic who merely knows what a war book should be, nor that of a publisher who knows what makes a war book sell. In its grim, yet lovely imagery, "The Cross of Carl" is entirely unforgettable.

A Career for Women.

I often wonder what a woman can or cannot do in the way of earning her own living, while yet remaining a "lady" in the eyes of her friends and relations. She may be found cooking her own dinner, but she is not recognized if she is washing her own doorstep. She may earn next-to-nothing-at-all in an office, but her position has to be "explained" if she is able to procure a comparatively magnificent wage as a head-housemaid. She may consider herself *chic* if she works in a West-end flower-shop, but to be the cashier in a West-end drug-store means a loss of "caste." She may hunt desperately for a rich husband to keep her, but she is not "received" if she live unmarried with a poor man—for love. Years ago, of course, she couldn't do anything at all except "arrange flowers," and still hope to retain her proper pride. Even to-day you read plaintive advertisements from "real ladies" in reduced circumstances, who proffer in exchange for keep and salary merely an ability to drive a motor-car and help in light, *never* rough, duties of a comfortable home. These have never begun to realize that life nowadays is competition even for ladies, and that unconscious



"ELIZABETH ARDEN" AND "CAPPI"

Mrs. Tom Lewis is known to women the world over as Elizabeth Arden, is here taken with her little French bulldog, "Cappi."

(Continued on p. 96)

HERE'S HOW!

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



First Lady—"What a figure!"

Second Lady—"Yes, they must 'ave poured it into 'is clothes and 'e forgot to say when"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

condescension is no longer the spirit in which to fight it. Thus, such a book as Mr. E. M. Porter's "Hotel and Restaurant Careers for Women" (Pitman, 5s.) should prove useful to any girl in financial adversity, or sick of living at home waiting for a husband. And yet so many of them will resent the author's implication; which is that if a girl should wish to take up hotel and restaurant work she must work, work, work and begin to do so from somewhere very near the bottom. The reward, regarded in pounds, shillings, and pence, is excellent; but it won't be given to the girl who uses it simply to fill up her time until she has grabbed successfully some man rich enough to keep her. Which, in parenthesis, always handicaps the career of most girls. They work, not in the belief that they may never be married at all and so will have to depend upon their own exertions, but as if they may possibly be married next week, and in the interim it is more essential to look decorative than put their back into the job on hand. Indeed, it must take the zest from any ambition to become an expert when, who knows?, Mr. Right may be waiting round the very next corner. Which, in parenthesis again, always strikes me as absurd that no woman has started a definite College for Prospective Wives; only, of course, it is part of the unwritten morality among women to regard marriage as a state of being captured against her will. But if to be a wife isn't a whole-time job requiring very much the experience which belongs to "expertism," I don't know what is. Only, perhaps, it would rob women of their own pet topic of aggrieved chatter if, when discussing domestic service, they themselves did know even the one good way to wash a decanter or to cook a simple dinner. As it is the world lives in an uproar of females who know nothing, against those who must, of necessity, know a little more. To return, however, to Mr. Porter's excellent book. Every aspect of hotel and restaurant life, as it concerns women, is considered. Step by step he goes through some imaginary establishment from being a waitress or a kitchen "hand" to becoming a receptionist, assistant-manageress, manageress complete. His book is valuable, too, because it will likely prick the bubble of those women who imagine that because they have a good appearance, dress well, have been brought up in a "refined home" are, as a consequence, fully fitted to "run" an hotel, large or small, either for themselves or for anybody else. To succeed means a long probation in which every branch of the work must be studied and, if possible, experienced as an actual worker. Then and only then can a woman hope to succeed in this varied and very interesting profession; a profession, moreover, which for the right kind of girl offers a very well-paid career. And if any woman is contemplating such a career I cannot think she can do better than to buy and study this book, which is written by an expert for those who wish to follow in his footsteps, and simply abounds with practical common-sense.



Stranger: I say—what a man your husband is! He's a regular Titan, isn't he? Blacksmith's Wife: I wouldn't 'ardly say that, Miss—with all 'is faults I've never known 'im go beyond two pints!

The "Lost" Tribe of India.

All the same, whenever I read a book about "savages" I often wonder if on the whole they are not making as good a job of life as we are. One leaf—and they are dressed for a party. Love is surrounded by no complications. Religion is of the simplest and, as such, perfectly satisfying. True, there are many unpleasant sides to a savage's existence, but where they can point to one, "civilization" can show a hundred. Anyway, nearly every savage appears to be a merry "soul" except when he is in full war paint; whereas "civilization," as we understand it, makes merriness more like a triumph over unbelievable difficulties than an inner reflection of the good outward things of progress! Not that, as a rule, I am fond of books about savages. In fact they rather bore me, being mostly so very much akin. But I wasn't the least bit bored by Mr. Vivian Meik's new book, "The People of the Leaves" (Philip Allan. 12s. 6d.).

For one thing, these People of the Leaves have remained untouched by the magic wand (which usually acts so perilously like a big stick) wielded by Western missionaries who would lead them from their heathen darkness into civilization's dazzling light. They are as near to primitive man as can be discovered in this curious world. And they are to be found in India on isolated clearings in the midst of the dense jungle of Bengal. In stature they are little higher than dwarfs; in morality, as Westerners understand it, they have scarcely begun to be. Indeed, they are almost akin to animals—but with an animal's unself-consciousness and charm. The author lived among them for a time and learned to love them. Their manner of living, their customs, their curious religious rites, he describes in his book. How he gained their confidence was a real triumph seeing how by nature they are as terrified of the unknown as children or animals. And human though they be, very like young animals they have remained, especially in the way they have retained those senses which animals possess but which civilized man has lost. For the short time the writer lived with them they regarded him as a god, and he was accorded a god's privileges. He writes: "Because it is so terrifying, life is an exceedingly simple ritual to them. They delve, as I have said, for roots and berries, and the little birds and animals they have for meat are the prizes of their bows and arrows. Afraid of just everything, they keep away from the grass lands which yield no cover and have, therefore, never cultivated any foodstuffs nor owned any cattle." They are indeed a living "warning" of everything which civilization holds in horror—especially interbreeding. They are outcasts even from the native Indians. Very soon, indeed, the Leaf People of Rairakhol will be one more legend of the East. In the meantime here is a very interesting book of one man's penetration into their jungle fastnesses, of his friendship with these "children" of the Indian forests, the fruit of his observation and experiences, notably illustrated from actual photographs.

ON SHOW

Here and There

When the annual inter-hunt polo match between the Duke of Beaufort's and the Berkeley took place recently at Norton, the Hon. Henry Bathurst, Lord and Lady Apsley's young son, was among the onlookers. The first-named team won by one goal. Sir Kynaston Studd, a former Lord Mayor of London, was a famous cricketer in his younger days and captained the Cambridge XI in 1884. He never fails to visit the Varsity match



THE WINNING WAY: MR. BRIAN KEMP-WELCH'S RISING STAR

A splendid series of successes has come the way of Mr. Brian Kemp-Welch's Rising Star this year. It won the open championship for hacks (any height) at Richmond, was first in the class for novice hacks under 15.2 at Olympia, as well as being placed in other classes, and also received two premier awards at Aldershot. The snapshot below was taken at the famous Royal Show, held this year at Warwick. Lady Daresbury has a wonderful eye for a horse and Sir Archibald Weigall is an expert on agricultural matters



LADY DARESBURY, MR. HOUSTOUN-BOSWALL, and SIR A. WEIGALL AT THE ROYAL



SIR KYNASTON AND LADY STUDD ARRIVE AT LORD'S

MRS. WATTS AND THE HON. HENRY BATHURST OFF TO WATCH POLO
Dennis Moss

LORD ERNE AND LADY DAVINA LYTTON



MR. JOHN DRINKWATER AND MR. CYRIL TOLLEY AT WIMBLEDON

AIR EDDIES

by OLIVER STEWART.



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AIR SQUADRON AT OLD SARUM

Chas. E. Brown

The C.U.A.S. is now undergoing its annual attachment to a regular R.A.F. squadron at Old Sarum, near Salisbury. Members go down in batches of twenty-five, each staying a fortnight, and during this period they have an opportunity of carrying out their work under the conditions obtaining in the regular Air Force. Although there are lectures daily these are fewer than at Cambridge, and a great deal of time is devoted to practical flying, cross-country reconnaissance, etc. The picture is of some instructors and some members of the squadron

The names, left to right, are: Standing—Flying-Officer J. S. Pole, Mr. J. H. Hoare, Mr. R. E. Megarry, Mr. P. R. Nickols, Mr. D. F. Gordon, Mr. J. A. G. Ryrie, Flight-Lieut. G. D. Harvey, Wing-Commander F. P. Don, Flight-Lieut. T. C. Traill, D.F.C., Mr. J. A. S. Hodgson, Mr. L. O. Mountford, Flight-Lieut. J. V. Yonge, Flying-Officer V. B. J. Jackson, Flying-Officer R. S. Darbyshire, Mr. A. J. Brink, Mr. W. B. W. Ahern; sitting—Mr. G. E. T. Scrose, Mr. E. Geal, Mr. A. C. Buck

Flying Skill.

In commenting on the round-the-world flight of Mr. Wiley Post and Mr. Harold Gatty, no writer, so far as I can discover, omitted to make some ingenious allusion to "Post haste" and to putting a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. That girdle must be getting a little worn by now, and it is preferable to direct attention away from the speed of the flight to an incidental feature. There can be no doubt that the pilots proved themselves as highly skilled as any pilots living, yet one of them has the use of only one eye. There have been many instances of brilliant one-eyed pilots, including Captain Hincliffe, who was lost on the attempt to fly across the Atlantic, and it seems that it is possible to fly and to fly well with only one eye. A certain woman pilot now flying has the use of only one eye and has shown herself on more than one occasion to be extremely competent.

With these cases in view it is clear that flying ability cannot be related direct to physical fitness and it becomes necessary to ask upon what satisfactory basis it may be estimated. Great importance attaches to this question, because upon the answer depends the rightness or wrongness of the whole system of granting pilots' licences. A study of the flying skill exhibited by many different kinds of people leads to the conclusion that there is only one means of discovering whether a person is a capable pilot or not, and that is to ask his instructor. No tests, no computations of flying hours, no medical or theoretical examinations will give any accurate information about a person's ability to handle an aeroplane.

In private flying there are already too many rules and regulations, and I am against any attempt to make it more difficult to obtain a pilot's licence. It is my belief not that many people hold licences who are not entitled to hold them, but that many—and the woman mentioned above is but one of hundreds of similar examples—are prevented from obtaining a licence who are fully entitled to it. It would be an improvement if

pilots' licences were granted upon the written recommendation of qualified instructors and all examinations and tests were abolished. The instructor is the only person who really knows whether his pupils can fly or not. Above all, do not let there be an increase in the rules and regulations or a raising of the present standards required.

Soaring over London.

Herr Kronfeld, when he "bestrides the lazy, pacing clouds and sails upon the bosom of the air," defeats the ticket collectors and inspectors, the conductors and the booking-office clerks. He is the only man alive able to travel across London without paying his fare. For did he not, the other day, sail from Hanworth to Chatham right across London without spending a farthing in fares or fuel charges? He did the journey for nothing, and his feat must not be submerged beneath the bickerings which are now engaging the attention of gliding enthusiasts, as they seem to engage the attention of a large section of the aeronautical community to the weakening of British aviation and the triumph of its enemies. Herr Kronfeld turned the clouds into a glorified caddy which carried himself and his glider round the links of London.

Perpetual motion is nothing compared with soaring in the manner of Herr Kronfeld. He was towed by Flight-Lieutenant Max Findlay to about 1,500 ft. over Hanworth and there released. A friendly cloud was passing at that moment and Herr Kronfeld, emulating the social climber, made use of it. It elevated him like an ecstatic escalator to a height of 3,500 ft., and from there he set off over London. He flew to Chatham and there landed, as a final act of defiance of natural as well as unnatural laws, in a prohibited area. On the next day he was taken outside the prohibited area and was towed by Flight-Lieutenant Findlay to about 2,000 ft. over Chatham, and there left to his own devices. He decided to return to Hanworth. And later, after



AT HESTON: MR. AND MRS. ALFRED ELLISON AND A FRIEND (centre)

Mr. Alfred Ellison is the well-known racing motorist, and the machine behind this group at Heston is the useful Puss Moth



MRS. GERARD D'ERLANGER

It was in January 1928 that Miss Edythe Baker became Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger. She is American born and, as everyone knows, a star of syncopation. It was sad for London when her marriage brought her musical career to an untimely end. There is a portrait of Mrs. d'Erlanger in the exhibition of clever pictures by her mother-in-law, Baroness d'Erlanger, now on view at the Claridge Gallery. The exhibition is in aid of St. John's Hospital, Lewisham.

The fact that Mrs. Robin Grosvenor and her husband live in Eaton Square is curiously apposite, for they are both products of Cheshire, the former being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Wignall, of The Rookery, Tatton Hall, and the latter a first cousin of the Duke of Westminster. Their two fine children answer to the names of Hugh and Robina Jill. Mrs. Grosvenor's brother, Mr. Barton Wignall, is shortly to be married to Miss Susan Ferguson.

WHO'S WHO in SOCIETY

New Portraits with
a Personal Interest

*Photographs
by Yevonde*



MRS. ROBIN GROSVENOR AND FAMILY



SEÑORITA LOLITA BENAVENTE

Lorelie, Paris

The beautiful young Spanish dancer, who has had an overwhelming success at the Moulin Rouge this season, and is voted by the boulevardiers the most attractive thing that has come out of Spain for some time past

TRÈS CHER. Houseboats are all very well, but give me a barge every time! I have just been to a tea-cocktail party at the loveliest summer river home I have ever seen on or off the water! A glorified barge, moored just outside Paris near the Neuilly bridge, but far enough down stream to be well away from the noise of the traffic. It belongs to Dr. Pierre Boucard, the inventor of Lactéol, that pleasant panacea for distressed tummies and other viscera, and it is the last word in comfort and unostentatious luxury. For one finds a big living room painted blue and yellow and hung with that cool and delightful striped Basque linen; aft, right in the stern, there is the principal bedroom curtained with pale rose-coloured organdie, while the deep arm-chairs and the twin divan beds are covered with a darker shade of rose; next door there is a bath-room in peacock green, a splendid colour for a bathroom, but that one so seldom sees. Opening on to the passage that runs the full length of the barge are two guest rooms—one is pale yellow and the other sea-green—a guests' bathroom, a noiseless and smell-less apparatus for the central heating and electric light plant, the kitchen and the pantry . . . All this was planned and designed by Mme Boucard and one feels, especially when one has noticed all the jolly little gadgets in the guests' bath-room, that she is that rare thing the perfect *maitresse de maison* and hostess.

* * *

Alice Delysia was at this party looking bonny and already sunburned from the short holiday she took on the Silver Coast; she and her husband—M. Georges Denis—are just off for a month's camping in the Pyrenees. It seems that it is great fun! It helps me to hear this,

Priscilla in Paris

but nevertheless I ha'e me doots. My Lord and master is an old pal of the Delysia-Denis', and, hating the sea, a great ant-hill climber in their company. It is expected that I shall follow suit, forsaking my beloved Noirmoutier for a short while, and I cannot tell you how I dread it. I imagine camping-in-the-mountains to be the sort of pastime when one climbs and sweats (orrid vulgar word) all day and finds oneself without a hot bath at the end of it! However, I suppose there must be something in the game and if our dainty Delysia can like it I presume I can. Mr. Turner Layton was also at the party. He is much thinner since his illness that deprived us, this winter, of the second recital that the famous duettists were to give at the Salle Pleyel. He speaks French very perfectly and I have a feeling that the attractive English accent which so delights French audiences when he sings "*Reviens*" is assumed *pour les besoins de la cause!* Fascinating man . . . and fascinating voice, even when only speaking.

* * *

"*Reviens*" is on the programme of the clever jazz orchestra, led by Ray Ventura, which is having such a success at the Empire this week. "Ray Ventura and his eighteen frolicsome collegians"! And they are frolicsome! Quite the funniest gang I have heard since Jack Hylton. Their parody of J. H. is, by the way, too entertaining for words. Their "Impressions of the Colonial Exhibition" are, also, wonderfully "graphic," and their jazz rendering of certain old French airs, nursery rhymes, and folk songs, are—don't laugh at me—extremely moving. These boys started their orchestra when they were still wearing their pants thin on the wooden benches of the Lycée Janson de Sailly (one of the best boys' schools in Paris), and they have since grown and improved, touring both in Europe and the Americas, till they can now hold the Empire theatre audience—one of the hardest to please in this city—for over an hour, and then have it clamouring for more. I hope, for your sake, that they go to London.

* * *

Paris is just now enjoying a new, and rather horrible, entertainment: *Le Marathon de la danse*. The naming is none o' my doing. On the unteenth of June thirty couples took the floor at the Cirque Médran in an endurance test competition. They were to dance day and night till they could dance no longer. Every hour they were to be allowed fifteen minutes respite and every three hours they were fed . . . standing up round a table dragged into the centre of the ring. At first Paris looked down its nose and ignored this low contest. On the fourth day couples began to drop out. On the fifth day somebody fainted. On the sixth day it was rumoured that a dancer, unable to stand the strain, had gone mad! At the time of writing six couples are still dancing if one may call dancing the limp, flat-footed gyrations of the wan, thin ghosts that cling weakly to each other and at times, take it in turns to sleep, with head pillow'd on their partner's shoulder while actually moving. At the end of every forty-five minutes they stumble to their resting quarters and fall into an oblivion from which they are dragged, fifteen minutes later, by the strident clang of the gong that summons them back to the arena. Tout Paris now flocks to see them. From H. H. Prince Kapurthala, Jenny Dolly and other notabilities to the ho! pollo! of the upper galleries. The "dancers" have accomplished 320 hours of their—voluntary it is true—purgatory and there seems to be no reason why they should ever stop! With love, Très Cher.



MADAME YOLANDE LAFFON

Lorelie, Paris

The young and attractive actress, who has had many successes in Bernstein plays and also in the movies. In private life Madame Lolland Laffon is Madame Pierre Brisson. Her husband is the dramatic critic of "*Le Temps*"

FOR THE FILM FAN!



VIRGINIA CHERRILL IN "CITY LIGHTS"



JOAN CRAWFORD



JACK OAKIE AND JUNE COLLYER IN "DUDE RANCH"



ANITA PAGE, MARY CARLISLE, AND LEW CODY'S RETURN

These pictures of the divinities of the motion picture world are an on and off the set collection, as some of them are merely the kind that the "fan" needs. Lew Cody, for instance, is doing a kind of return of Ulysses act at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio from which he has been away two years. No one could demand two more attractive Penelopes to give him a welcome. Virginia Cherrill will be familiar to all film addicts as the pretty little girl who was Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in "City Lights." The lucky dog's name is "Muggsy." Joan Crawford has recently made a big success in "Paid," which is the film version of that good stage play, "Within the Law," which probably a good many thousands of people saw when it was on at the Haymarket. Jack Oakie and June Collyer are seen doing a bit of cowboy courting—a kind quite different to any other

THIS ENGLAND—
AND ELSEWHERE

Chaffin & Son
A SHERBORNE CASTLE GROUP: MR. SIMON WINGFIELD DIGBY (centre back),
MR. GEORGE WINGFIELD DIGBY, MISS LYDIA AND MISS JOANNA WINGFIELD
DIGBY, CAPTAIN AND MRS. GREENACRE, AND MISS FISHER-ROWE



Howard Larret
IN DERBYSHIRE: CAPTAIN AND MRS. DRURY-LOWE



ON INDEPENDENCE DAY:
MRS. CORRIGAN



CAMBRIDGE CRUISING CLUB—RYDE: MR. T. H. SCOTT, MR. YULE-
OLDHAM, MR. C. MORRIS, AND MR. G. D. GOODRICH



Charles E. Brown
OFF GUERNSEY: THE
VISCOUNTESS GLERAWLY

The bit of real sun we have been permitted recently has been a boon and a blessing to everyone, the camera sniper included—hence these clear and bright pictures. Mr. Simon and Mr. George Wingfield Digby, who are in the Sherborne Castle group with their sisters and their cousins, are the sons of Lieut.-Colonel Freddie Wingfield Digby, D.S.O., M.F.H., the very popular Master of the Blackmore Vale, and Mrs. Wingfield Digby. Sherborne is a delightful old place redolent of memories of poor Raleigh, and also full of relics of Mr. Oliver Cromwell's artillery which engaged it at very short range. There is also a wonderful museum full of Roman relics and a magnificent picture gallery. Captain Drury-Lowe, of Locks Park, Derby, is the new secretary of the Harrington Hounds of which Lady Harrington is the Master. Mrs. Corrigan, who is one of London's most popular hostesses, was snapshotted in London on American Independence Day. In the Cambridge University Cruising Club group taken at the recent regatta at Ryde, Mr. Yule-Oldham is the Club Commodore and Mr. T. H. Scott the Rear Commodore. Lady Glerawly is yachting off that dangerous Channel Islands coast. Lord Glerawly is Lord Annesley's son.

"BUCKS" AT LE TOUQUET



IN THE NEW BATHS : MRS. PLAYER AND A. N. OTHER



CAPTAIN A. W. STANLEY, MAJOR REX BENSON,
MR. MICHAEL HERBERT, MRS. MICHAEL
HORNBY AND GENERAL AND MRS. CAVENDISH



BETWEEN DIPS: LORD DALKEITH, MISS SALMON, ——, MISS BUNTY STEVENSON,
CAPTAIN EUAN WALLACE, MRS. PLAYER, AND MR. QUINTIN GILBEY

The camera scatter-gun collected all these pictures during the recent raid on Le Touquet by some of the members of that popular establishment Bucks Club. Golf as usual was the main target, but sun and other bathing were useful adjuncts. The new baths at Le Touquet are a great acquisition and are very magnificent. Amongst these victims of the ever-open eye of the camera, Lord Dalkeith is the member for Roxburgh and Selkirk and in his few leisure moments joint Master of the Buccleuch with his father the Duke of Buccleuch; Major Rex Benson, is the well-known polo player, and did very good service last year in connection with our international team; Captain Euan Wallace married Sir Edward Lutyen's daughter. The Hon. Thomas Brand is Lord Hampden's son



THE HON. THOMAS AND MRS. BRAND

THE PASSING SHOWS



*"Late
Night Final"
at the
Phænix Theatre*



TWO ENDS OF THE WIRE

The Hunted ex-Murderess (Miss Louise Hampton) pleads with the Editor (Mr. Raymond Massey) to stop serializing her life story for the sake of her daughter, who is to be married the next day. The Editor's Secretary (Miss Carol Goodner) is aware of the struggle going on in her chief's conscience

FILMS like *Scandal Street* and *The Front Page* have taken the lid off American journalism in its lowest form. The cess-pool which Hollywood has revealed is not pleasant. *Scandal Street* "featured" a dutiful editor who shot his wife's lover but took care to give his paper the story before surrendering to the cops. The principal scene is the press-room of the "death house" where hardened reporters hang about, like a pack of blasé vultures. The editor of *The Front Page* drives his chief crime reporter to break every kind of law for the sake of a scoop.

Late Night Final, by Louis Weitzenkorn, is the stage's counter-blast to Hollywood's welcome to the "newspaper racket." Mr. Raymond Massey, aided by three revolving stages, has produced it with devastating speed and realism. The method of presentation, which combines the photographic accuracy of

Hollywood and the mechanical cunning of the neo-German impresario, is exactly right. It is not enough for the eye to see, in the centre of the stage, a cameo revealing the victim telephoning to a relentless editor. Another compartment must be lit up on the prompter's side showing us the editor taking the call. On the left another "cabin," in which the proprietor can discuss falling circulation. Above these insets two more cubby-holes—one for the telephone operator, another to represent various departments of the paper. Sometimes one interior functions by itself; sometimes two are switched on together; sometimes all five tune in simultaneously. The result is galvanic. The mind is kept on tenter-hooks of suspense and surprise.

"The Evening Gazette," one of those tabloid picture papers ("tabs") which feed the lowest intellects with the rawest sensationalism at two cents a dose, is doing badly. To ginger up a falling circulation, the proprietor, an arch-hypocrite, digs up from the dirty linen of the files the old story of Nancy Vorhees, the "love-mad stenographer" who shot her seducer but escaped the electric chair. The proprietorial excuse for publishing the



"SWITCH THE CALL TO RANDALL!"

The Hypocritical Newspaper Proprietor (Mr. Charles Mortimer) tells his Stenographer (Miss Pamela Henry May) to put his victim through to the Editor



"N'YORK EV'N G'ZETTE G'MORNING"

The Telephone Operator (Miss Molly Johnson) and her automatic parrot cry



THE HUSBAND

Mr. Eliot Makeham as Mr. Townsend, the bank clerk who married Nancy Vorhees, after her acquittal for murder twenty years previously

the scheme. The new red-hot woman journalist from Chicago is clapped on to the trail. The religious editor, the Rev. T. Vernon Isopod, an unfrocked clergyman of oily mien and lecherous habits, is bidden to do his share.

We see him worming his way like a smug snake into the bright, homely apartment where the ex-murderess has lived down her past. She is Mrs. Townsend now, happily married to a quiet little bank clerk (English) who adopted her illegitimate daughter as his own. The daughter is to be married the next day to the son of a prosperous maker of machinery. Isopod, in a new parson's outfit bought for the occasion on Randall's orders, is received without suspicion. The Townsends assume his visit is officially concerned with to-morrow's ceremony. He departs with his "story" and a photograph of the bride.

The "shots" flash rapidly now from the Townsends, the net closing in upon them, to the editor's room, to the woman reporter's bedroom in the early hours, to and fro. The bridegroom's parents must be told the truth. Is not their boy being duped into marriage with the illegitimate daughter of a murderer? The human touch, gentlemen, the human touch.

Finally, Mrs. Townsend commits suicide, and her husband, powerless to find friends to intervene, throws himself under a motor-truck. Through the window of the empty flat sneak the woman-sleuth and a camera-man. Burglary, of course, but orders are orders and news is news. A copy of "The Gazette," torn in fragments, lies on the floor. In the kitchen is the dead body of Nancy Vorhees. What a picture! What a scoop! The camera-man discharges his flash and gets both.

That, logically, is the end of the play, and when the lights go up in the interval our stricken senses clamour for reprieve. We need a breather to think things over. But babel at once breaks out around us. News-boys are crying "Late night final" and thrusting a real four-page scandal-sheet into our hands.

"true story" of the twenty-year-old murder case in serial form is instructive. "The Gazette" is read by stenographers. Might not the stenographer of to-day, faced with ruin and an illegitimate child, behave as Nancy Vorhees did to Candy Kid Rogers in 1911? Have not these stenographers got mothers? Have these mothers ever warned their daughters against falling in love with their bosses and then bumping them off? This craving for "the human angle" is a sidelight on a

professional mentality which casts up pious eyes to the stars and finds them—in the gutter.

Randall, the editor, loathes his job, but sticks it only for the money it brings him. He throws himself viciously into



Ziggy Feinstein, the Stunt Expert of the "Evening Gazette" (Mr. Allen Jenkins), has another brain-wave to increase the circulation

"Former Beauty in Poison Drama," shrieks the headline. Perhaps the last act in which Randall, after trying in vain to get drunk, tells his employer what he thinks of him and walks out with the Ideas expert and the pretty secretary who is in love with him to discuss plans for a "real" newspaper, is an intentional shock-absorber. It is hard to see how the affair could be left dangling like a corpse in mid-air without some attempt to cut the body down. The playing is slick and forceful, although in the first scene alien ears are hard put to it to catch



THE PERSECUTED AT BAY

Nancy Vorhees's daughter (Miss Rosemary Ames) and her fiancé (Mr. John Gordon) visit the newspaper office after the "scoop"



THE CONSCIENCE-DRIVEN EDITOR

Mr. Raymond Massey adds to his producer's laurels by a tense, dramatic study of Randall, the Editor, who sinks to ruthless sensationalism against his better nature

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

Happy Family Parties



Swanbe
THE HON. MRS. DAVID
TENNANT WITH HER
SON AND DAUGHTER

Right—LADY ZIA WERNHER
AND HER CHILDREN AT
HEATHERDOWN SCHOOL

The early education of their son, Peter, in the art of controlling a pony is now occupying Captain and Mrs. Charles Reynard (see below). Captain Reynard used to train for Lady Lindsay, the wife of the popular Master of the Fife

Lord Glenconner's sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant (see left), is on the best of terms with her children, Pauline and David, and they think it fine fun when she takes them out for an airing. Mr. and Mrs. Tennant have lately returned from a visit to Greece, he with a beard and she with a superbly tanned face



Photograph (right) by Swanbe



FIRST LESSONS IN EQUITATION: CAPTAIN
AND MRS. CHARLES REYNARD AND PETER



Swanbe
MR. AND MRS. LOCKETT AND THEIR SON

The snapshot above and the one on the left were taken when Heatherdown School, near Ascot, invited parents to watch their offspring engaging in various athletic exercises. Lady Zia Wernher's son, Alexander, was born in 1918, and his sister, Georgina, is a year younger. Colonel Sir Harold Wernher is Master of Fernie's jointly with Mr. A. C. Edmonstone. Lord and Lady Weymouth's three-year-old daughter, the Hon. Caroline Thynne (below), is being brought up to admire dogs, and the very young Great Dane puppy which they possess is a particular friend of hers. Lord Weymouth has a house in Seymour Place, and also assists his father, Lord Bath, in the management of the Longleat estate.



Swanbe
EXERCISING THEIR DOGS AND THEIR DAUGHTER:
LORD AND LADY WEYMOUTH IN HYDE PARK



A masterpiece

White Horse Whisky

*Sold in Bottles
and various sizes
of handy Flasks*





The River Survey

Written and Illustrated by FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.

The good old word "mystery," as applied to the secrets of a craft, has long been out of fashion. It could hardly be expected to survive in a day when the merest tyro brazenly proclaims himself an "expert" in this or that, and there is no longer a watchful guild to put his claim to the test and prick the bubble of his vain pretensions.

Yet in one calling the sense, if not the word, of "mystery" still prevails. The rule and habit of the sailor never fail to oppress the land-lubber with a consciousness of his own helplessness and ignorance. On the biggest liner the most insensitive is aware of being a mere "passenger," something aloof from the bland and smiling officers who

humour his conceit so courteously, and hide their true opinion of him so dexterously. Put him on an Iceland trawler whose skipper goes threshing northward to the fishing grounds with the thoughtless confidence of a man walking to his office, and he cannot avoid an inferiority complex of the worst degree.

Navigation, in short, is the last of the "mysteries" to lose its sanctity. The landsman looks at charts, and though he does not understand them he perceives that to the initiated they must be as self-explanatory as the Ordnance map he himself puts in his holiday knapsack. But when he contemplates the pilot, that superman amongst navigators, who steps in so confidently where four-ribbed commanders fear to tread, he is confounded. To pick one's way in and out of such an apparent tangle of banks and channels as the river chart reveals would be bad enough, he reflects if all London were "up" and these were narrow thoroughfares in and about the mazy upheaval. But to follow with perfect sureness their every twist and turn without being able even to see them, strikes him as miraculous.

And if not precisely a miracle, it is most certainly a "mystery" to attain which a severe initiation is required. But the pilot would in turn be at an utter loss if it were not for the labour of the River Survey. Londoners know well—too well—the zeal of the authorities in looking after the City's thoroughfares. What they seldom realize is the corresponding work which ceaselessly goes on to keep the great highway of the Thames in good order and repair. This is the task to which the River Survey, a little-known but highly-important department of the Port of London Authority, dedicates its long and difficult labour.

To the sailor, the white-sleeved traffic controller of the London streets is a person of little or no importance (save perhaps when a barge ashore is in question), but he never fails to note the busy little launches flying a string of signal flags which he so frequently encounters as he goes about his lawful occasions up and down the river. "Survey boat," he comments to himself, with much the same contentment that the glimpse of a blue helmet brings to the respectable citizen ashore.

London's great water highway is pretty constant in its general characteristics, and always looks unalterably the same. Yet its sand-encumbered entrance and silt-laden waters create problems day by day, year in and year out, which the "Survey" exists to deal with.

All the greater ports of the world maintain surveying staffs, and the greatest port of all is no exception. Admiralty charts are the guides of the mariner, but without the supplementary information provided by the river surveyors

(sometimes the basis upon which these charts are made) the approach to

port would be difficult indeed. Certain navigable channels preserve their depth and position almost indefinitely, but others move about or silt up. A marine staff is therefore essential to keep a constant watch on these channels, the creeks and fore-shores, dock basins, and entrances thereof, and all other things pertaining to the navigation of the river.

Sounding is probably the most important duty, for on this depends the preparation of these river charts without which the pilot cannot know the depth of water which he may encounter as he takes his ship to her destination.

The making of a river chart may be grouped under three headings:—
(1) The preparation of a Blank Chart; (2) Soundings; (3) Reduction of Soundings.

The procedure is as follows:—As all the waters of the Thames are within sight of land, the Ordnance (land) Survey is used as a basis for the River Charts just as in the case of the Admiralty coastal charts. The Ordnance Survey sheets are checked and corrected up-to-date by the Port Surveyors, and are then combined to form a blank chart of each particular section of the river.

On this blank chart lines at regular intervals are laid down, generally more or less at right angles to the main channel, and along these lines soundings are taken. This completes the first stage.

Next, the lines to be sounded having thus been set out and marked on the river banks, the survey vessel gets to work. She may be a steam yacht, motor yacht, or rowing boat, as conditions determine, but in any case she moves at slow, constant speed along one of the lines, and returns along the next, sounding all the time.

As the current is generally running athwart the course of the same vessel, she cannot steer a straight line, but must proceed crab-wise, and various methods are used to enable her to maintain her position. Transit marks are perhaps the best, i.e. one mark at the shore end of the line and another some distance away inshore, these being kept in line by the helmsman of the vessel. Where the banks are lined with tall buildings, etc., that method is not practicable, and then a flag man at one end of the line indicates by motions of his flag when the vessel is falling away from the line. In the narrow parts of the river, and in all creeks, a wire, marked every few feet, is stretched from bank to bank, and the vessel (a skiff in such cases) rows along the wire, sounding at the various marks.

One, two, or three sounders may be employed at the same time sounding in succession at regular intervals. The surveyor in charge "fixes" the position of the vessel along the line by means of a sextant, noting the times of these "fixes," which are booked along with the soundings and angles taken.

In the deep water the sounder uses a line of phosphor bronze wire (a rope would wear out too quickly), marked with tabs of leather and coloured bunting in feet or fathoms. The sounder throws his lead well forward so that the latter has reached the bottom by the time the vessel brings him over it. He then lifts the lead off the bottom, and drops it again so that it just touches, and calls out, in a loud melodious manner reminiscent of the finest "chanty-men," "Sound it is, Sir," with pronounced emphasis on the *Sound*. He then calls the depth and the nature of the bottom.

The surveyor, who is following with his sextant the altering angle between the two shore marks, snaps the angle at the word "sound," and calls its value to the recorder, who books it against the sounding taken.

It requires an experienced man to distinguish by "feel" alone the nature of the bed of the river—a bottom which consists of not very widely different substances. Where the water is shallow, say, under 25 ft. or so, the sounder uses a long pole shod with iron, marked in figures every foot and quarters. This is wielded in a similar manner to a punt pole, and gives the most accurate soundings of all. A third method, of great value in suitable conditions, is the use of the Echo sounding machine, which records electrically the time taken by the sound signal from the vessel to reach to sea bottom and be echoed back again.

The third stage is the reduction of soundings. Soundings may be taken at any state of the tide, and with the water at all sorts of levels between high and low water, so that to obtain their correct relative values they must all be "reduced" to some common basis, or "datum of soundings" as it is termed.

In order to do this, the water level has to be recorded all the time sounding is in progress. Tide gauges are established at many spots, and a man will record the water level every few minutes at the nearest gauge. From the figures so obtained the soundings taken are reduced to the datum applicable to that particular chart.

This part of the "nautical" work being over, "plotting" has to be done, i.e. the soundings taken and reduced as above are now to be plotted on the blank chart, each one in the actual position in which it was taken.

Each sounding will be on some previously determined line, and if a measured wire stretched from bank to bank has been used, it may be plotted by direct scale measurement. But if the positions have been "fixed" by

angular measurement with sextant, the angle recorded at each "fix" is transferred to an instrument called a "station pointer." This rather complicated-looking instrument consists of five or more pivoted arms like rulers working on a central ring, marked all round in degrees from 0 to 360. One arm is fixed with its edge at 0, and the other may be swung round to make any desired angle to the station pointer. It is then laid on the chart with the centre of the ring on the line on which the sounding lies, and adjusted so that the two arms enclosing the angle intersect the two shore marks used. A pencil mark is then made at the centre of the ring and the value of the angle noted against it.

When all the "position fixes" on the line have been plotted, the intermediate soundings are plotted in the spaces proportionately. The whole chart being filled in in this manner, contour lines, or lines of equal depth, are drawn in, consisting generally of low-water line, and the lines of 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., fathoms depth.

Owing to the frequency of the surveys made and issued, and to the numerous changes recorded, it would not be economical to reproduce the Surveyor's chart by lithography in the usual way. Instead of this a standard blank chart is kept in the drawing office and amended as to topographical details whenever a new survey is brought in. From this standard a cloth tracing is made, and the soundings, contours, etc., are all traced direct from the surveyor's original. The moorings and buoys, and barge roads are then added.

Sundry information is then written on the chart, such as names of wharves, docks, reaches, buoys, lights, etc., the normal rise of the tide above the datum of soundings, the direction of true and magnetic north, the headroom under bridges, depth of water at dock entrances, silts, etc., together with the date of the survey and particulars of the datum used. The whole is then checked by the surveyor concerned, and reproduced in any desired quantity by direct true-to-scale photography.



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HARROW SCHOOL XI.



V.

THE HARROW WANDERERS XI.

R. S. Crisp

The names are: Back row—W. E. Heinemann, J. G. Hopson, M. Tindall, A. S. B. Gascoigne, D. O. Couper, and A. Benn; seated—N. B. Clive, E. J. E. de Las Casas, F. E. Covington (captain), G. F. D. Haslewood, and K. Blackmore

The names are: Back row—W. M. Welch, D. A. M. Rome, A. M. Crawley, C. T. Bennett, J. F. Robinson, C. M. Andreae (hon. sec.); seated—L. G. Crawley, Major F. R. B. Brooke, the Hon. R. Anson (captain), C. V. Baker, and H. F. Bagnall



THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENTAL XI.

Standing—Captain W. C. Furninger, St. R. W. G. Melcombe, Lieutenant C. J. Watts, Q.M.S. Green, Lance-Corporal Smith, Corporal Brown, and R.Q.M.S. Venes; seated—Major H. H. Beattie, Captain A. St. G. Coldwell, Lieut.-Colonel W. D. Barber, and Major W. G. Coldwell



SIR FREDERICK ROBINSON'S XI.

Standing—Dr. S. H. G. Humphrey, F. Wakefield, J. A. H. Heycock, R. G. Watson, H. Elliott, Captain C. H. Todd, W. C. Farnsworth, and Lieutenant Taunton; sitting—P. A. Wright, Sir Frederick Robinson, Brig.-General H. E. Stockdale, and Captain R. C. Fowler

The Harrow v. Harrow Wanderers match, which was played on the Sixth Form ground at Harrow the week before the encounter of the school with Eton at Lord's, was of particular interest, and very rightly caused Harrow's hopes to run high because the School XI emerged with much honour and showed itself a strong batting side. L. G. Crawley got 163, and Covington, a real captain's innings, 182, and the batting strength carried on right down to the tail. They declared at 550 for seven, the Harrow Wanderers having got 362 for nine declared in their first, and 151 for seven in the second. After the good show Eton also had been putting up this performance ginned things up for the Lord's match very considerably. Sir Frederick Robinson's XI and the Northamptonshire Regiment played their match during Regimental Week at Northampton, and besides the cricket there were other things—dinners, a garden party, and a church parade. The Gentlemen of Shropshire's XI was the one that played the Shropshire Light Infantry at Shrewsbury Barracks

(On right)—Back row: T. Pritchard Gordon, Rev. J. Cartner, C. H. Walker, E. Bromley-Davenport, E. Colville, and Captain W. H. Dawson; front row: L. E. Bury, Captain R. Barber-Starkey, H. Pritchard-Gordon (captain), Rev. W. E. Jones, and Captain Crawford-Clarke



THE GENTLEMEN OF SHROPSHIRE TEAM

Truman Howell

SEEING "STARS" AT SUSSEX LODGE

MISS SONIA CONVERSE AND
LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH (right)LADY CYNTHIA SLESSOR, THE HON. EILEEN
BROUGHAM, AND LADY JOAN VILLIERSMRS. PERCY BENNETT
AND HER DAUGHTERTHE RANEE OF PUDUKOTA
AND MRS. PETER SMILEYMISS DORIS DUKE (centre) AND
THE HON. LADY BINGHAM (right)LADY ALINGTON AND
MRS. ELINOR GLYN

There is never any question about the social and financial success of that famous post-Wimbledon fixture, Lady Wavertree's garden party at Sussex Lodge. This year at least six Royal personages were watching the tennis stars battling for charity, and here are a few of the other notable onlookers: Lady Cynthia Asquith had only a short distance to come as she lives in Sussex Place, Regent's Park. The Hon. Eileen Brougham, Lord Brougham's only sister, goes about a tremendous lot with him and his wife. Miss Doris Duke, from U.S.A., is by repute one of the world's richest girls, but she has very simple tastes and detests any form of ostentation. Mrs. Percy Bennett's husband was successively British Minister to the Republics of Panama, Costa Rica, and Venezuela. He retired in 1927. The Ranee of Pudukota is a great tennis enthusiast.

OUR LITERARY DEAN



Yevonde, Victoria Street

THE VERY REV. DEAN INGE, D.D., C.V.O.

The latest portraits of the very literary Dean of St. Paul's, a cure he has held since 1911. Dean Inge was at Eton and King's, Cambridge, took a first in Classics amongst other honours, and was at one time an assistant master at Eton. As the world knows, Dean Inge is a most prolific author, and amongst other of his books is that one which is so well known to thousands of readers, willing and unwilling, the "Eton Latin Grammar." Mr. F. H. Rawlins collaborated in this. These more serious occupations apart, Dean Inge is a constant contributor to the journals of the day, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, the twilight, and is someone whom we all read with much interest

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



THE TIGER CATS

OF MONTMARTRE

The latest attraction (mainly for foreign consumption) at that enterprising dance place, the Bal Tabarin, Montmartre, are wrestling championships for women on a mat on the dancing floor, and the contests, so it is recorded, are real needle bouts every time. Eight muscular young things,

TH E following amusing story demonstrates the misunderstandings often caused by our language. A Frenchman was being entertained to dinner by an English family, and when the sweet course arrived he was offered rice pudding by his hostess.

"What ees it?" asked the Frenchman.

"Rice pudding," explained one of the family.

"Then, thank you, no, I will not have eet. In France we do not eat vermin."

The family stared in dismay. "Rice—vermin?" they cried in chorus.

"*Oui!* I understand enough English to know that. Mouse: plural, mice. Rats: plural, rice. I do not eat rats, thank you."

* * *

A soldier was being tried by court-martial for cowardice in face of the enemy. A sergeant was giving evidence.

"Was this man running away?" he was asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How do you know?"

"Well," said the sergeant, "I was just overtaking him when I heard him talking to a rabbit just in front of him. He was saying, 'Get out of the way, you furry object, and let them run as can!'"

* * *

The sweet young thing drew up at the wayside garage. "I want a quart of red oil," she said to the garage hand. The man looked puzzled.

"I said I wanted a quart of red oil," repeated the girl with some asperity.

"Red oil?"

"Certainly, my tail light has gone out!"



representing eight different countries, form the fighting squad. They represent Holland, France, America, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Austria, Italy, and Sweden. Added money of 50 to 100 francs is given, and these pictures show some of the bouts in strenuous progress.

They had been married a very short while, and he returned home from the office feeling hungry.

"Is dinner ready, dear?" he asked his better half.

"I'm sorry I'm so

long," she said apologetically, "but the steak looked dreadful grilled, and it doesn't look much better fried, but if you'll wait a little longer, I'll see what boiling does to it."

* * *

The prison visitor was doing her best to cheer up the convicts. "How long are you here for?" she asked one dejected-looking inmate of the prison.

"Fifteen years, ma'am," replied the man.

"Ah, well," she said kindly, "here's another day nearly gone."

He fancied himself as a collector of bargains, and one day as he was walking through a market-place he noticed a highly-coloured and very ornamental vase.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "that's the image of one we've got at home. I'll buy it and make a pair. How much is it?" he asked the woman.

"Ten shillings, sir," replied the vendor, "and it's a bargain."

He paid the money and took it home.

"There," he said when he saw his wife. "What do you think of that?"

"Good heavens!" she screamed. "Am I never to see the last of that atrocious thing? I gave it to a man at the door only last night!"

* * *

The business man was interviewing his daughter's suitor. "I regret I cannot see my way to allow you to marry my daughter at present, but give me your name and address and then, if nothing better turns up in the near future, you may hear from us again."



THE NEW IMPORTANCE OF MAKE-UP



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LILLE LOTION assures a lovely finish both day and evening...not only to the face but to the neck and arms...6/6, 10/6.

NOSHINE, applied to your nose and your forehead, before you powder, will eliminate that social error...shiny-ness. 4/6.

The skin once cleansed and the foundation applied...consider what brightening is best suited to the colour of your gown.

ROUGE AMORETTA imparts a natural glow. There is a shade for every type...for every new colour...Light, medium, dark, 7/6. Refills, 4/6.

ARDENA POWDER...the quintessence of quality in face powders...always gives joy and satisfaction. By varying the shade to tone with your freck, you will be able to put a different face on things! Mat Foncé and Ardena are favourite shades for daytime...Poudre de Lilas is absolutely poetic for evening. 12/6.

NEW LIPSTICKS...in enchanting shades, give the final touch of chic to your make-up...and are *really* indelible, besides. Newest of all is "Flame"...a dashing, "different" red...and there are many others, equally indispensable.

FOR YOUR EYES...there is Miss Arden's alluring Cream Eye-Shado to give added depth, colour and accent to the eyes (eight entrancing shades...4/6) and Venetian Cosmetique to transform your lashes into a definite asset. Black, brown, green or blue. Box with Brush, 5/6.

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THE BAYS WIN THE INTER-REGIMENTAL, 1931

The names, left to right, are: Captain E. D. Fanshawe (back), Captain G. H. Fanshawe (3), Captain A. H. Barclay (2), and Captain G. W. F. Draffen (1). They beat the R.A. team 5 to 2. The happenings are referred to in these notes

In this year's Inter-Regimental it was a case of fourth time lucky, and I am sure that everyone was pleased to see the Bays win it, principally because they deserved to do so and never threw away a single legitimate chance. I expect most of us thought it was a shade of odds on them, and it is a matter of selfish satisfaction that I tipped them to do the trick in a note in this paper last year. They were the better team on July 4, and I doubt if 5 to 2 is the real index. The R.A. team was out-ponied to start with and, to go on with it, had not been together as long as the Bays' team has, and was shy of two of the people who were in it when they won that memorable battle against the 17th/21st in 1927. Their shooting in front of goal was not good—more than once. The Bays have had their present team since and including 1928, in which year and in 1929 and 1930 they have been runners-up for this tournament, and it has been obvious, I think, they were the next men in. I expect that the Bays regret as much as anyone else that their victory has been postponed until after the departure of the 17th/21st to Egypt. It is always most dangerous to assume the mantle of the prophet where polo is concerned, but my reading of things is this, that on the way the Bays went this year (and in 1928) anything might have been possible. In 1928 the score was 17th/21st Lancers 7, Queen's Bays 6, and it was unquestionably as good a match as we have seen in this tournament and quite as good as the Gunners' close fight in 1927 when they beat the 17th/21st by a goal; in 1929 the score was 17th/21st Lancers 6, Queen's Bays 2, and in 1930 it was 17th/21st Lancers 8, Queen's Bays 1. On the figures this form is a bit confusing, for in 1928 the Bays had not been as long together—yet we saw them give the all-conquering combined Lancer team a great fight and compel them to go all out to win. This is just one of those things that happen. The best bats in the world sometimes get out for a blob. The 17th/21st last year were at the top of their form; the Bays struck a bad day. But there is a good old axiom where racing is concerned that you ought never to forget a horse's best form, and I think it applies to polo and also to everything else in the scheme of human affairs. This is why I say that I wish the 17th/21st had remained. This Bays team was a good one in 1928; I believe it to be an even better one in 1931. It was not fully extended to win this year, and the result was safe at the end of the

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

fourth chukker, and the Bays knew it. This is the run of the game:

Queen's Bays: 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0=5.
Royal Artillery: 0, 0, 0, 1, 1, 0=2.

At the end of that fourth chukker it was definitely certain that the Gunners could not possibly get up in the time on the disclosed facts, the big ones being the solid defence of the Bays' back division. Captain E. D. Fanshawe, the Bays' back, and his brother, Captain G. H. Fanshawe, were unbeatable and had only to hold on and let the Gunner attack break itself against an impregnable rock. One or two desperate raids were unlucky, and I think that as things went the R.A. team ought to have had a couple more; but even if this had happened the match would have gone the way it did, and there is no telling what the Bays would not have done if they had not been in the position they were at the end of that fourth chukker—1 to 1. It was just the case of a good jockey not knocking his horse about unnecessarily and being content to sit still with a good hold of him and let him stay where he was. It is always a pleasure to watch a good judge of pace at work. I think all of us ought to have been taking a lesson this time. Space is very limited this week, but next week I hope to present a good case for a challenge by the British Army to play the American Army in the third match of the International Army Cup, which America has won twice. I think that at this present moment we have a stronger force of serving soldiers than we have had for some time past, and as it is the American Army's turn to come over here, the question of expense, which has held things up, need not be a stopper.

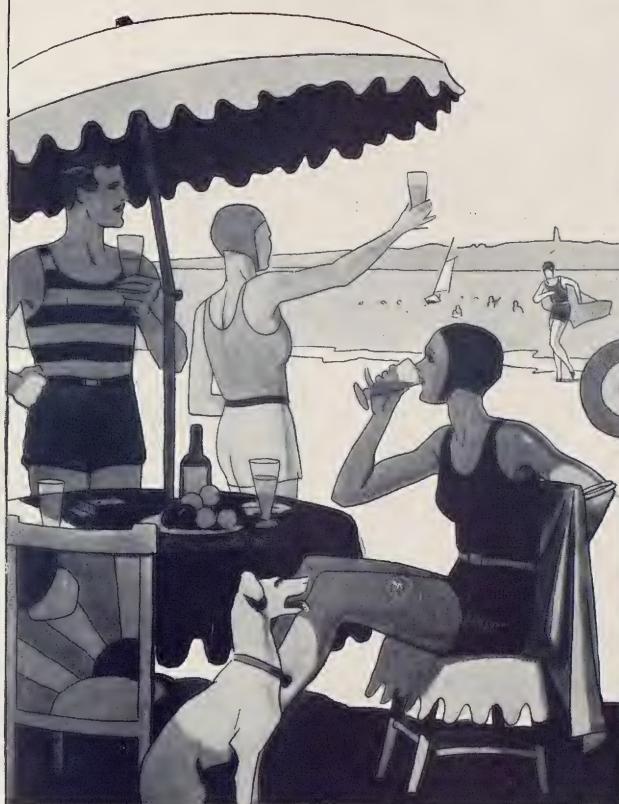
The other match on Inter-Regimental final day, the semi-final of the Guest High Handicap Challenge Cup, Merchiston (rec. 2½) v. The Hurricanes, was a real good game and a virtual win for the ex-champions, as the final score was Merchiston 7½, The Hurricanes 7. In the Merchiston team, Major G. H. Phibbs-Hornby played No. 1 instead of Mr. J. A. E. Traill, and he being a better forward than Mr. Traill, who is happier in the back end of the team, the score suggests that the form in the Championship was wrong, even though there is no doubt that on that day Merchiston were the better team, especially behind. In the first part of this Guest Cup tie, Merchiston had undoubtedly the better of it, and up to the end of the fifth chukker, The Hurricanes got a penalty in this period, and thereafter began to come up fast, but had not all the time they wanted to wipe out the handicap and win it. Captain Roark as usual was particularly brilliant for the losers, and Colonel Wise was far more on his game than he had been in the Championship.



THE SUBALTERNS' CUP: GREYS v. 11th HUSSARS

A snapshot of the recent tie at Tidworth in which the Greys beat the 11th 8 to 3. Mr. H. P. Guinness, the Greys and International back, is on the extreme left, and marking him is Mr. D. S. Schreiber, 11th Hussars

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AT RANELAGH: AIR-MARSHAL SIR JOHN AND THE HON. LADY SALMOND

On the day the Royal Navy beat the R.A.F. in the match for the Duke of York's Challenge Cup. This Cup was instituted in 1928, and this is the third time the Navy have won it. The R.A.F. are still a "young" team, but they lost by only a goal

WHEN an M.P. with a definite measure of vision the other day introduced a Private Bill to legalize sweeps it was turned down quite unceremoniously and in other words refused even a first reading, and the people who tell you that they know about these things said, "We shall never get a Bill legalizing sweeps so long as a thing called the Nonconformist Conscience continues to exist." Whenever anything happens which is specially ridiculous and against common sense, it is our custom to put it all on to this useful pack mule. This is becoming definitely tiresome of us and also rather unfair. Supposing, it is suggested in this particular case the legalization of sweepstakes, that the Nonconformist Conscience has nothing whatever to do with it and that the real opposition comes from the least expected quarter, the hospitals and charities, to which all these sweeps allot a percentage of their takings? The view taken, as I understand it, is this: that as the promoters of these sweeps say that 10, 20, 25 per cent, and so forth is to be given from the total sum subscribed after paying expenses, it is more than likely that the amount so accruing would have a very damaging effect on the voluntary contributions by which the English hospitals at present are supported. The total of this voluntary contribution in London alone is, I am assured, £17,000,000 per annum. Now the way the hospitals argue the matter is said to be this: that if sweeps are legalized and they at once spring up like mushrooms all over the country and each announces that it is allocating a handsome percentage to hospitals and charities, those who have hitherto made up this

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

handsome income of £17,000,000 will tighten their purse-strings and say, "Now that the hospitals are to be given these handsome percentages from all these sweeps, why should I continue to subscribe? I am not wanted any longer. I will buy a yacht, race-horses, a newspaper, or even a peerage!" So far so good—or so bad according to what your views of sweeps are and whether you think that "gamblers'" tainted money should be allowed to go towards relieving the necessities of public institutions which are supported by the voluntary contributions of the well-meaning.

* * *

Supposing the Government legalizes sweeps at once, and by the same stroke of the pen makes it illegal for any sweep promoter to allocate any portion at all of his takings to any hospital or charity whatsoever, but in case he should think that he was going to be allowed to stick to the lot, says, "No you don't! The percentage you were going to give to the hospitals is going into our pockets, and is going to be placed in a special fund which in time will enable us to reduce Income Tax and take a burden off the shoulders of John Citizen." This would not only relieve the hospitals of the present anxiety about the possible loss of their £17,000,000 per annum income from the voluntary contributor, but would act as a direct incentive to him



AT THE NEWMARKET FIRST JULY: CAPTAIN CUNNINGHAM AND LADY BUTE



THE PRIME MINISTER

A flashlight picture at the American Independence Day Dinner at the Savoy. The Prime Minister, as even the listener-in knows, is a fluent speaker and is easy to listen to at all times. The art of the orator may have died when the Pnyx went west in Athens, but we are all for hard facts—in this work-a-day world

Even if no one amassed much wealth at the First July the violet rays must have done them a lot of good. Lady Bute is very well known in the hunting world, and some say that if lady judges were permitted at Peterborough she would be one of the first choices

to be even more lavish. The burden of taxation lightened, it might even drag us out of the seemingly bottomless pit of our present embarrassments and make England that land fit for heroes to live in—that delightful mirage conjured up by Mr. Lloyd George after the Great War had fought itself to a standstill. Why should not this happen? Where is the objection? It would salve the Nonconformist Conscience, it would save the hospitals from the horrible risk of having tainted money forced on them, and it might in time lead to a revival of the purchasing power of the country, which admittedly is at present at a very low ebb. Why not try a five years' plan of legalised "vice"? It would have this further to recommend it: it

(Continued on p. viii)

Summer Days must be enjoyed to the full

HAPPY Summer days! A dip in the cool, fresh water—a sun-bathe—a glass of cold 'Ovaltine'—could anything more be wanted to complete your enjoyment!

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THE SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ AND HER NEW "WIZARD" Being

The famous Spanish lawn tennis star snapshotted outside Grosvenor House last week. The Señorita was beaten at Wimbledon this year by the English player, Miss Dorothy Round. Señorita de Alvarez has been in the final three times, once against Mrs. Godfree and twice against Miss Helen Wills
(Mrs. Wills-Moody)

More Persecution.

AFELLOW—whose name I much regret to say I have forgotten—was the other day, I can't exactly remember when, at a police court, the locality of which escapes me, fined a sum which has slipped my memory, for and in that he did wilfully, wantonly, and naughtily drive a motor-car upon the King's highway with his arm round a lady's waist. It was a speed-cop who brought the case, and I believe the defendant was bold enough to allude to "jealousy." Be that as it may, this particular prosecution opens up some scope for speculation. And I am rather sorry that the victim did not appeal, because I believe that a well-instructed barrister could easily win the plea. As far as I am aware there is no Act of Parliament which compels one to have both hands upon the steering wheel, and even supposing there were such a thing it could not possibly be obeyed, seeing that a driver is more or less compelled to give traffic signals. Driving with one hand only cannot by any elasticity of imagination be interpreted as driving to the common danger, or carelessly, or in any other way of which the law takes cognizance. Upon this point I am not absolutely sure, but I am told that one-armed drivers have succeeded in qualifying for licences under the Road Traffic Act, and there is certainly no practical reason why they should not do so, for this very day, as ever was, just for the sake of convincing a pal o' mine with whom I had got up an argument upon this point, I drove my right-hand-gear-change car right through a lot of traffic with my left hand lying observably

Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

idle. But that was because I had had previous experience. Years ago a touch of blood-poisoning put my left arm in a sling for a while, but that fact did not in the smallest degree reduce the weekly mileage of my Rusty Metallurgique. And many's the mile that I have covered, both before and since, with an arm around Mrs. P.V. This practice I do not propose to abandon. I find it comfortable and soothing, and I judge that when my rear blind is discreetly pulled down the predatory speed cop will be sufficiently baffled. Now, if one hand driving was (as to which there can be no doubt) quite a practical proposition with a car having the ordinary gear-change, it is infinitely easier with a self-changing gear which allows the control to be put, in the midst of the steering wheel, which is just where it ought always to have been. It is a literal fact that on my Armstrong I can simultaneously steer round a sharp bend, sound the horn, change gear, and light a cigarette. This performance has been done, both with ease and safety, to win a half-crown bet. Therefore (although I don't pretend to be a lawyer) I submit, Me Lud, that a case for dangerous driving cannot be made out just because the defendant was allowing his left arm to follow amorous pursuits. If his mind was on other things, if his attention was suffered to wander from the road, if, in a word, he was driving badly, then the matter wears an entirely different complexion. But, Me Lud, I submit with deference but yet with some force that if, as I have shown, a gentleman can drive a car single-handed it cannot be of any real consequence what he is doing with the other hand, not even if in the words of the immortal Kipling his "arm had embraced an alien waist." And I shall further submit, Me Luds and Ladies, that it would be a most scandalous state of affairs—one that would greatly reduce the well-merited prestige of this glorious country—if the Mobile Police Force (paid for, as they are by motorists themselves) were to be robbed of their dignity and, indeed, authority which I suggest must inevitably be the case if, having already been humorously dubbed the "Crikeys," they now become widely known as the "Peeping Toms." Me Lud, I need not tell you that if at this critical time

such a thing were to occur it is calculated to have the most profound political influence. Once a stone of this sort is set rolling, who can say where it will stop? Me Lud, I suggest—nay more than suggest, I insist—that you find the defendant Not Guilty, that you find you rather wish you could commit the same offence yourself, that you dismiss the charge without a stain upon the character of my illustrious client, and that from the Poor Box, which I perceive adjacent to the Solicitor's Bench, you give him some slight compensation for the trouble to which he has been subjected. This very morning, Me Lud, you have no doubt read the first rough abdumbration (Continued on p. xvi)



AT POULSEN'S CLUB, DATCHEL

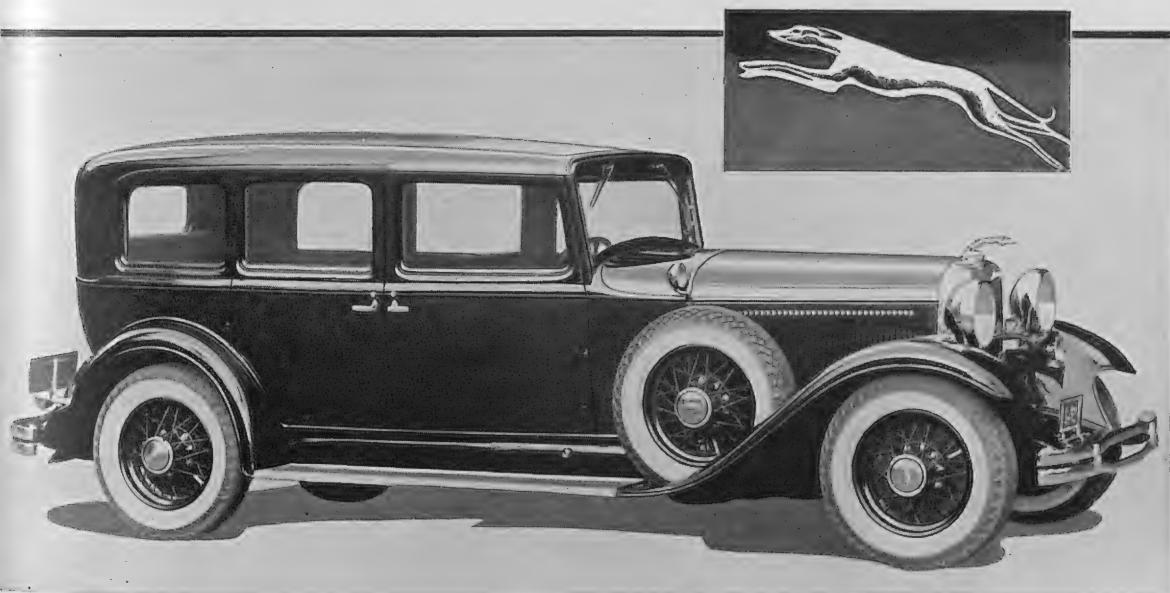
A little private party at this attractive up-river club, which was only started this season, but has made good. In the picture, left to right round the table, are: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rice, Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, M.P., Mr. Henry Channon, Princess Otto von Bismarck, Count Palffy, Miss Arden Stewart, and Prince Otto von Bismarck

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A MAN NAMED MICHAEL

By William Freeman

BRAILSFORD had just pulled up through trouble with one of the headlights when the little man in the grey mackintosh approached.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but do you happen to be going anywhere in the direction of Warmingham?"

Brailsford, a little surprised, said "Yes," and added, "Can I give you a lift?"

The man in grey said "Thanks, very much" and got into the car. Brailsford adjusted the lamp and followed him. They drove for more than a mile through the deserted streets—it was nearly one o'clock in the morning and a stinging drizzle had joined forces with the east wind—without speaking. Then in a quiet, level voice the man in grey began to talk about himself.

His name was Peter Thane. He was an American, but travel had made a cosmopolitan of him. Only now and again did some tell-tale accent betray the States.

He had many interests, and they had brought him several fortunes; now, though he was still in the early fifties, there was no need for him to work any longer.

"A man don't want to be chained to a desk or counting-house when he's a first-class outside job waiting to be done," he said, and Brailsford, speculating vaguely as to what the first-class job might be, nodded agreement. Peter Thane became still more confidential.

"Some three years ago," he continued, "I was in Paris spending a vacation. There was a revue at the Casino there featuring an English dancer—*L'Anglaise* was her stage name. Her photograph was outside. I liked the look in her eyes and the way her hair waved back from her forehead. I went to the show. Her dance was a simple affair—there was a boom in simple dances at that time—with a bunch of balloons as properties. The audience wasn't particularly enthusiastic, but her turn was the only one that mattered as far as I was concerned. After the show I got an introduction. Even with a wad of 2,000,000 dollars as a battering-ram it wasn't easy. That English girl wasn't the kind that accepts any dinner invitation that runs to more than five courses. No, sir. She told me a few things about herself, but not a great deal.

"Her name was Marjory Staples, and she was staying at a small pension on the left bank, with an elderly dragon of a cousin to act as chaperone. I told her who I was, and asked if I might meet her again. She said she didn't know; that any way she mightn't be in Paris more than another month; it all depended whether the Casino people wanted to extend her contract.

"I went part of the way—she couldn't let me go beyond the bus terminus—home with her. I tried, even at that first meeting, to make her understand a little of the feeling that was making a fool of me. I realized myself that I'd fallen in love, and that there was precious little chance of the business ending in anything except disaster.

"A few days later she told me that she hadn't proved a big enough draw, and that her contract had been terminated. Further, that she would be going back to England at the end of the week, and hoped to get taken on one of the music-hall circuits.

"Though even that is a slender hope," she said.

"I didn't pretend to be sorry. And she didn't pretend not to understand why. I'd already discovered that, apart from the cousin, who hated the whole theatrical business from A to Z, she hadn't a relation in the world. I was pretty sure, too, that her dancing wasn't so much a part of her life that she wouldn't leave if the right man came along. And I thought, like the infatuated fool I was, that I might be that man.

"I was wrong.

"I like you," she said. "You've been tremendously kind. You haven't bothered me, the same as other people have, until I dreaded the very sound of their footsteps. But I don't care for you in the other way, and it wouldn't be fair to let you think I did."

"I told her that I'd teach her to care. We were in the Luxembourg Gardens; there had been a light rain earlier in the day, and the sun had barely dried the paths and foliage. I can never think of the time without smelling the faint tang of wet

leaves. . . . I wanted her so desperately that I forgot I was fifty-three, and talked like an excited boy. I told her of all the money I'd made, of the things we could do if only she'd help me spend it. She stood looking at me, her big, troubled eyes gazing into mine. We were almost exactly the same height.

"Don't you see," she said, "that this could only end in unhappiness for us both—the worst kind. Or won't you see?"

"I told her doggedly that I loved her, and that whether she cared for me or whether she didn't, I'd make her happy and see that she stayed happy. At last, after we had talked for over an hour, she gave way. If I would not demand anything more than she could give, she would marry me."

The man in the grey mackintosh lapsed into silence. Brailsford made no comments; his passenger did not seem to expect them. The car chugged on its way through the mist and rain; the purr of the engine and the monotonous swish-swish of the wind-screen wiper were the only sounds until Thane suddenly resumed:

"You are wondering, I guess, why I should tell you all this. The reason is simple enough. We aren't likely to meet again, and I want to tell the story, straightforward and without interruption, while there's an opportunity. How far are we from Warmingham?"

Brailsford told him—another dozen miles at least—and added something about it being unlikely he could drive him all the way. He did not add, as he might have done, that Mr. Peter Thane's society was getting on his nerves.

Thane continued:

"We decided to be married in England early in June. Afterwards we were going on a long honeymoon tour through Italy and the Mediterranean. I left Marjory in Paris with the cousin while I went over to England to make arrangements. I was delayed longer than I expected, but I wrote every day. Her letters weren't so regular. During the second week she mentioned a man named Michael. I'm not going to tell you his other name; it doesn't matter at this stage. She merely included him among half-a-dozen others—people she met at a dance in Montmartre. But five days after that she wrote breaking off her engagement with me. On his account, of course.

"Sorry—oh, yes, she was sorry. She had been ungrateful, unfair, but she hadn't realized how she had dreaded our marriage until this other man came along. Who was he? An artist on a holiday, a book-illustrator, making a few hundreds a year. The wedding was to be almost at once. If I'd been the traditional elderly love who's been cut out by someone, I suppose I should have written back wishing them both the best of luck. But I wasn't, and I didn't." The little man's voice dropped until it was scarcely above a whisper. "I left her letter unanswered. I had other plans. And they amounted to this—if I couldn't marry her, no one should. I'd sooner kill them both.

"I guess you're labelling me either a homicidal lunatic or just an unbalanced, theatrical fool. I may have been both. But I meant it. Listen," he gripped Brailsford's left arm until he winced. "For over thirty years I'd concentrated on the business my father had left me, hating it all the time, planning in the early days to escape as soon as I saw a chance. And then in the end the business mastered me. Though I hated it just as much, I lost the power to break away. My thoughts wouldn't run in any other direction. I used to plan a development here, a campaign there, the smashing of a rival somewhere else. What did I manufacture? What didn't I manufacture in that great sprawling factory that ran for nearly a mile along the river? Chemicals, dye-stuffs, bleaching fluids, druggists' goods. Six thousand workmen, with a hundred of the finest chemists in the country at their head, and the chimneys sending their fumes up to heaven twenty-four hours a day. And now, in this fair-haired chit of a girl, I'd found a strong enough lever to break free. For the first time I'd been able to forget—only to be thrown back again!"

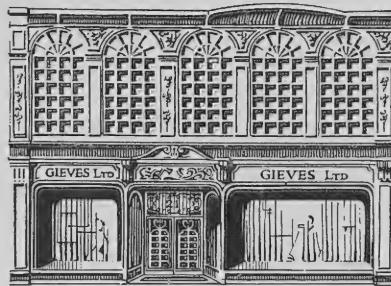
"Someone once said that a man with a grievance was a man damned. Maybe he was right. Marjory wrote again—a foolish, half-scared letter, going over the old ground, hoping that later

(Continued on p. iv)



By Appointment.

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WHEN is a lady not a lady? is the kind of inane riddle that I feel one would ask after a sufficient stay in Scotland. For instance it is possible, if introduced by a man member, for the apparent corporal body of a lady to play round the old course at Prestwick. But technically she does not exist. Non-existence in that sense has its advantages; for instance, you pay no green fee. If it means that you, naturally, stand deferentially aside or even take refuge in flight at the sight of Man playing over his own course, that is small return to make for the wonderful privilege of a round over one of the most glorious courses that ever destroyed bad golf or rewarded good.



Somewhere in Scotland : Mrs. J. C. Rose and Mrs. M. R. Snowden are fellow members of Longniddry, and both competed in the recent Scottish Championship at Gullane

Yet I have a feeling that if, in the sight of Prestwick one does not exist, then it ought to be possible for one both to be playing there and to be somewhere else at the same moment. It is all very confusing. Perhaps in due time or in some future state I shall both tackle the Himalayas and at the same time be present at Copt Heath for the Midland Foursomes, but in this present year of grace 1931 the thing could not be done.

Accordingly I have a burning desire within me to write about Prestwick where, I frankly own up, I was playing a gorgeous couple of rounds on the day when other people were struggling at Copt Heath for Foursomes honours or for county at Formby. I do not mean my golf was gorgeous. Prestwick is apt, I imagine, to humiliate a good many folk and there were moments when I felt immediate sepulchre in the burn would be the most fitting end for me. But unfortunately nobody would take the least interest in hearing of my efforts to play golf worthy of my surroundings, and so there is nothing for it but to tell them instead of all the doughty doings at Copt Heath, of which a



A worm's-eye view of Miss M. White and Mrs. Percy Garon on the balcony at Beaconsfield

Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

correspondent has written me a glowing account.

There was a fine entry, forty-eight couples, amongst them the holders at so exalted a joint handicap—plus three—that I never seem to have met it before. For example, the printed table of odds which reinforces my arithmetic at "Britannia and Eve" foursomes runs up to a difference of thirty, which means eleven strokes given. There it stops. Luckily my kindly correspondent—or perhaps she mistrusts my mental mathematics—tells me that the unfortunate Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Elsie Corlett had to try and give twelve strokes in the first round of these Midland Foursomes. They simply could not do it, for Mrs. Gillet and Mrs. Green from Coventry had some extremely good putting and approaching, as well as the twelve strokes to meet them with, and, as a crowning cruelty, managed a birdie three at the last hole to win 2 up. The holders had won in 1929 as well as 1930; perhaps a change is a good thing—I take full responsibility for that sentiment, which did not emanate from my correspondent—and they will no doubt return with redoubled fury to the attack next year.

Meantime—the pleasant Scottish phrase must be catching—Miss Boulbee Brookes and Miss Martin-Smith are eminently suitable

holders, although this Miss Martin-Smith is not, as most people will hurriedly conclude, sister of the new amateur champion, but the Blackwell player. They had good convincing wins, finishing with a 4 and 3, one from a Brocton Hall couple, Miss Aline Dobson and Miss Clifford in the final. That pair had a semi-final win to their credit from Mrs. Peppercorn and Miss Carroll, who in turn were feeling rather jubilant over defeating Miss Hartill and Miss Katherine Nicholls, the latter playing very good golf indeed. Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw, who had meant to try fortune together again, had to go and win Yorkshire's place in the county finals instead of coming to Copt Heath; even the loss of these popular Midland Foursomes must have been made up to her when Mrs. Bradshaw sank the putt for three at Formby to win the 18th and square the match, and then won it at the 19th, the sides score till that moment standing at Cheshire 3, Yorkshire 3.

To return to my kind correspondent from Copt Heath. One of the best matches of the week was when Mrs. Macaulay and Mrs. Nichol went out in 39 and even so were only square with Mrs. Pattinson and Mrs. Wakefield, who were receiving four strokes; one of the most agitating that in which



The will to win : Lady Rosebery registering determination. She played recently for the Lords in the annual match against the Commons at Walton Heath



Far from down-hearted : Mrs. Andrew Holm (left), Scottish champion of 1930, with Miss Rachel Neilson and Mrs. Kelway Bamber

Mrs. Baynton and Mrs. Turner hit their opponent's caddy with a tee shot. Vast hunting in rules followed before it was determined that so inhuman an action was punished by loss of the hole for the struck and not the striker !



"DRINK BOOTH'S DRY... I'LL TELL YOU WHY!"
says SIMON the cellarman

Only in
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...a mellowness
that costs
£60,000
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BOOTH'S DRY GIN

STRAW COLOURED THROUGH AGEING
IN WOOD . . . THE ONLY MATURED

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

The country, the sea, and the air are calling, therefore travelling kit needs immediate attention. All luggage must be light in weight, and as the majority are devotees of the royal and ancient, a golf suit has been introduced which may be worn beneath the wrap coat when travelling



It is from Paris that the neat golf suit above has come; note the high neck line with turn-over collar with diagonal fastening, as well as the narrow belt. There are inverted pleats at the back and front. It is expressed in a new knit-wear fabric which has so far not been officially christened

Travelling paraphernalia are very important; the models pictured bear the name of Revelation and may be seen in the Piccadilly showrooms. There is the thoroughly practical brown calf bag with zip fastening, also a pig-skin box lined with oilskin, and a light blue leather hat case. And, of course, no outfit is complete without a Revelation case that adjusts itself



This wrap coat has been chosen in no haphazard manner, but has been specially designed and carried out by Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W., and is known by the name of the "Wimbledon." It is double-breasted, wraps well over when seated in car or plane; the collar is adjustable



Pictures by Blake



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Send to-day for the free Cyclax Book, "The Art of Being Lovely." It tells you all about the Special Lotion and Cyclax Treatment, giving you full directions for using everything in the Cyclax range and help with your own special skin difficulties.

FREE ADVICE

If you want advice and cannot visit the Salon, you have only to write to Frances Hemming, 58, South Molton Street. Every woman who seeks my advice is remembered in our correspondence files, where a complete record is kept of her special needs.

Frances Hemming.

C Y C L A X

CYCLAX LIMITED, 58 SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.1. PARIS & NEW YORK.

Cyclax Special Lotion. Draws all acid waste matter out of the skin, leaving every pore clean. Excellent for removing blackheads, sallowness and sunburn. 5/-, 10/6.

Cyclax Skin Food. Braces and nourishes tissues. This is for normal skins. Made in three other strengths. Cyclax Special "0" Skin Food for dry skins. Cyclax Special "E" Skin Food for building up relaxed chins and throats, and Cyclax "Baby" Skin Food for especially sensitive skins. 4/-, 7/6.

Cyclax Complexion Milk. (Slightly astringent.) Prevents open pores and relaxing of the skin. Eradicates lines. 4/-, 7/6.

Cyclax Soap. - Specially prepared from a secret formula, with an exceptionally abundant lather which easily removes every trace of skin food. Its emollient qualities soften and whiten the skin, and are a beauty treatment in themselves. 3/6 per tablet.

Cyclax Sunburn Lotion. Protects the skin from exposure and gives it a velvety finish under powder. For dry skins use Cyclax "Blended" Lotion. For greasy skins, Cyclax "Salusta" Lotion. 4/6, 8/6.

Cyclax Cleansing Lotion. Excellent for cleaning the face when washing is inconvenient. Instantly removes all trace of dust and make-up. 4/-, 7/6.

Cyclax Powder is made in 7 shades, or you can have it specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6, 6/6.

Cyclax preparations are obtainable from high-class Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers throughout the country.

Service Advertising, E

Your mirror will have news for you . . .

the very first morning after you have used CYCLAX

Even in that candid light—without a trace of make-up—freshly washed with soap and water—your skin will show the difference; look softer, clearer, *younger* than it did the night before; feel younger too—as though you'd freed it suddenly of poisons that have tired and worried it for years; given it a fresh start with the most thorough cleansing it has ever had. And that is exactly what has happened. Cyclax believes that you should begin the day with a skin that's *soap-and-water clean*—free alike of poisons that accumulate *from within*, and greasy creams that attract dust and dirt *from without*; free to breathe and function as simply and naturally as it did when you were a child.

It's the Special Lotion that does it

You simply paint it on your face before going to bed; and during the night it will draw out all the acid waste that usually collects in the pores and is the real cause of blackheads, sallowness and all the defects that threaten clogged poisoned skin. In the morning after massaging with skin food you just wash it all away—and with it every trace of impurity—in soap and water. After the first application you will see a difference, after two or three your skin will be noticeably lighter, softer, clearer. Soon one application a week will keep it in perfect order.

Frances Hemming.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The Glengarry Bonnet.

A few more weeks and the picture hat will have passed away. Already small models for autumn have appeared. The Glengarry bonnet, worn at exactly the same angle as its prototype, is sure of a success. At the Grand Prix there was one worn by a woman who sets the fashion; it was of black felt, the hiatus between the head and the brim was filled in with a cloud of pure white plumage, the ear was concealed with curls, the upper ones lightly resting against the plumage. The ensemble was composed of a black georgette skirt and short white belted coat, the matt kid shoes and gloves were stitched with white. The beret will cleverly annex a bandeau, indeed it will bear little resemblance to its fount of inspiration.

* * *

Doris Kean's Favourite.

It has been said that Doris Kean's favourite hat is the one she wore in *Romance*; there is a decided vogue for hats of this genre, although they are robbed of the softening effect of ostrich plumes, they are more like a man's bowler with a shallow crown. For autumn wear they are being made of felt, frequently they are trimmed with a flat bow in front caught with a large enamelled buckle. Clusters of curl's have to be introduced on one side, as these hats to look smart must be worn in an almost horizontal position. The marquise is returning to favour; it is ideal for women who realize that it is advisable to throw kindly shadows across their faces. This model is more often than not expressed in felt; sometimes a flat quill is appliquéd to the upstanding brim at the back. Tiny tufts of ostrich feathers are another form of decoration, which alight in unexpected places.

* * *

An Autumn Ensemble.

Although Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street) sale is in progress, they realize the fact that many women are seeking an ensemble for autumn. Therefore they have built the

three-piece model pictured on this page, which may be seen in the coat and skirt department on the ground floor. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that it is available for 9½ guineas, out-sizes 21s. extra. It is made of Harris or Irish tweed. The long coat with narrow belt, patch pockets, and adjustable collar is unlined; it is a garment that will do duty on a variety of occasions; the short coat is lined with waterproof silk, pleats appearing on the skirt. Should distance or other circumstances prevent a visit to these salons, it will be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references.

"Court Royal" Corsets.

Too much cannot be said in favour of "Court Royal" corsetting, and for the summer wear this firm have created lightweight models made of beautiful silken fabrics. There are special corsets for riding,

flying, and motoring, where strength of construction allied to suitability is required. In particular there is model W 816 which has a very short belt-like front with a back, specially designed to fit snugly and keep in position when the wearer is sitting for a long period. In addition it has loose panels of broché across the hips to control the figure. For sports wear there is an ideal model, No. W 818, made from white porous shrunken shirting, which, although it is used double for strength, still retains its characteristic of coolness. This is again designed with a panel of elastic at the base of the back to give freedom but at the same time to remain in position however strenuous the game. There are brassières for every type of figure made in a variety of materials, such as silk tricot, milanese, and lace. Furthermore there is a corsette made entirely of lace with elastic side panels. This model is fashioned on the latest style shown in Paris and has the new half-opening down the centre back with hook and eye fastening. The "Court Royal" specialities are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to the makers, Charles Bayer and Company, Walmar House, Regent Street, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

Hair Trouble.

The weather never has a beneficial effect on the hair and scalp; therefore women whose tresses are tired and weary must write to Mr. A. J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, Lancashire, sending a specimen of their hair. It will be submitted to microscopic examination, and a report will then be sent together with skilled advice, based on seventeen years' experience of dealing with all kinds of hair trouble and successfully overcoming them. A 3d. stamp must be enclosed for the reply, which will be accompanied by a copy of his booklet upon the hair and its enemies.



AN AUTUMN ENSEMBLE

Designed and carried out by Marshall and Snelgrove. It may be seen in the coat and skirt department, is expressed in Harris or Irish tweed, and consists of a short and long coat and skirt



Illustrated is one of the famous Ciro Pearl Necklets mentioned below.

*The Clasp illustrated—Cirs Diamonds and Sapphires set in platinette—Regd. No. 895
—costs 10/-d.*

TREASURE . . . that has not cost too dear, in heavy toll of money or risk of human life . . . that's Ciro Pearls. Every atom of the lure and loveliness of deep-sea pearls, all their exquisite vitality, all their lustrous fascination . . . And no one . . . looking at the authentic treasure of the oyster on one fair neck . . . and then at its Ciro counterpart on another . . . can truly say which is which.

Ciro Pearls

CIRO'S UNIQUE OFFER. A Ciro Pearl Necklet, complete with real platinum or gold clasp, costs £1.1.0. The pearls may be of any desired size, graduated exactly to suit your own individuality without additional charge. It is sold on the

understanding that you are at liberty to wear it for fourteen days and compare with real pearls. If after that you are not fully satisfied—if you can really bear to part with it—your purchase money will be refunded in full.

Send for the new Ciro Pearl and Diamond Catalogues, No. 8, post free

48 OLD BOND STREET & 178 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

A Man Named Michael—cont. from p. 122

on we might meet. The traditional forgive-and-forgive letter. I have got it in my wallet now. It told me the only new thing I wanted to know—where I should find her. Unluckily, I couldn't go over to England at once. A strike had broken out at the works, and there was no one big enough to deal with it. I lost a night's sleep trying to decide whether to catch boat to New York or London; in the end, the factory won. Queer that it should? Not when you understand the stranglehold of a business you've given your life to.

"The strike fizzled out within a week. When I left again, and came back to England to pick up the trail, the two had vanished. I hired a private inquiry agency to find out where they'd gone, but the proprietor was a bungler and a crook into the bargain. And the elderly cousin had died, and I couldn't find anyone else who knew anything about them.

"Then I tried the art agencies. From one of them I learnt that Michael's drawings had been coming from a midland town.

"I went there, picked up another trail that took me south to Devon, and arrived a couple of hours after the pair of them had left for London. To-night, at last, I've run them to earth."

"What exactly are you going to do when you do meet them?" asked Brailsford. It was, in the main, a rhetorical question.

"Kill them both, of course. It will be quite simple. In the left-hand pocket of this coat there's a small rubber bulb. If I press it sharply the waxed cover over the nozzle will snap and a gas be given off that will be strong enough to send a dozen people into the next world—you among them, if you're fool enough to interfere. So don't take your hand off the wheel or try to signal for help. How far are we from Birmingham?"

"About a mile. What did you say was the name of the house?"

"I didn't say; it hasn't a name. They're living at No. 23, a detached villa at the end of St. Andrew's Crescent. You'll drive me there and pull up at the gate."

Brailsford waited a little before he spoke again. "Will you listen to me?" he began.

"I'll listen to no one," snapped Thane. "Drive on, and be damned to you. I'll give

you another ten minutes to get to the house."

Brailsford drove on. They came to St. Andrew's Crescent, a new thoroughfare, as yet all hummocks and puddles, to the detached villa at its further end. There was a street lamp opposite the gate. Its light shone on the polished brass number—No. 23.

"Here," said Brailsford, and pulled up.

Thane swung open the door of the car and stepped out.

"Not too near!" he said warily.

"All right." Brailsford stepped out of the car and faced him. His white face was twisted in a smile. "Do your damnestest, you fool."

"What does this mean?"

"Twice, when the car bumped in a hollow, I've barged into you with force enough to release any sort of gas in any sort of rubber bulb in that pocket of yours. Nothing's happened. I don't know what game you're playing, and I don't care. All I do know is that you're a fraud and a liar." He caught Peter Thane by the shoulders and sent him whirling across the road. "Go home in someone else's car. But God help you if you show yourself here again!"

Thane, with an effort, recovered his balance. He picked up his hat, which had fallen, and stood with it in his hand.

"The joke's on you," he said. "Did you really think that I didn't know your name, and how to find you, and where and when you'd be driving home?"

Brailsford shrugged his shoulders.

"Then you've no excuse for bungling the business. And now, if you've nothing else to say—"

"But I have," said the little man. "The real Peter Thane died six weeks ago in Brussels. I'm Van Dyer, the actor. And it's the curse of the stage that it teaches one to dramatize every situation. Thane was my closest friend. I was with him at the end. He left me half his dollars. But I was to find out where the girl who'd jilted him was living, and whether she'd married a real white man, a man who'd look after her. If she had, she was to get the other half of Peter's fortune."

Now, Mr. Michael Brailsford, if it isn't too late and you aren't feeling too riled with me, maybe you'll introduce me to your wife, and we can come down to business."



AT HENLEY: MR. ROBERT MCKESSON, THE HON. EVAN MORGAN, AND MR. T. C. T. BUCKLEY

At Phyllis Court on the last day of the Henley Regatta, Mr. McKesson and Mr. Buckley were both over here with the Harvard crew. The Hon. Evan Morgan is Lord Tredegar's son and married the Hon. Lois Sturt



A Catalogue of Fitted Dressing Cases will be sent by return. Prices range from 10 gns. to 300 gns.



J THESE light-weight Morocco Leather Dressing Cases, size 18½ x 14 x 6 ins., are made at Mappin & Webb's London Manufactory.

The beautiful Enamel and Sterling Silver-gilt Brushes, Hand Mirror, etc., are conveniently fitted in the front of Case; a large compartment, free of Fittings, is available for Clothing.

The Enamel Dressing Table Service is obtainable in the leading colours.

SPECIAL VALUE
£28

A Dressing Table Service (as Mirror illustrated), comprising 2 Hair Brushes, Hat and Cloth Brushes, Hand Mirror and Comb is priced at £10 10 0

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MINK redeemed from the insolence of wealth—come and see it at Revillon Frères! Until you see, it's hard to realize that the concession of summer prices permits you now to buy a Revillon mink coat for no more than 195 guineas. Whatever you choose from the very notable collection of material garments, fur coats, and ties will be held in safe keeping for you—the right dry Arctic cold—without charge. And permit us to remind you that anything that needs to be done to your last season's furs will be done expertly by Revillon Frères at trifling cost, be it cleaning or minor renovations.

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THE RETIRING G.O.C.-IN-C., ALDERSHOT

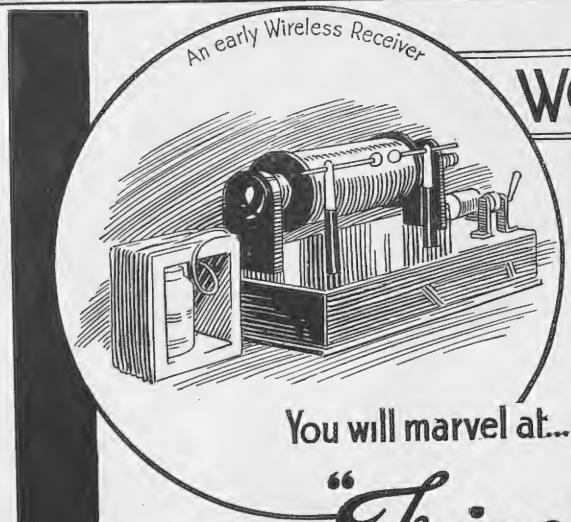


GENERAL SIR DAVID G. M. CAMPBELL, K.C.B., A.D.C., AND STAFF OF THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND

William May & Co.

General Sir David Campbell is leaving the Aldershot Command to take up the duties of Governor of Malta, and this is in the nature of a farewell group which will be as pleasant a souvenir to the retiring G.O.C.-in-C. as it will be to all who have had the good fortune to serve under him. Sir David "Soarer" Campbell's term of office has been a most conspicuous success

The names are left to right: Back row—Major F. W. Masters, M.C., Captain G. N. Wood, O.B.E., M.C., Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C., Major E. G. Gidley-Kitchen, Major A. B. P. Pereira, D.S.O., Captain F. E. Holland, D.S.O., Captain F. Gaunton, M.C.; middle row—Captain L. H. Churcher, Colonel A. C. Johnston, D.S.O., M.C., Lieut.-Colonel C. La T. Turner-Jones, D.S.O., Major E. J. Medley, M.C., Lieutenant V. D. G. Campbell, Major G. W. B. Tarleton, M.C., Lieut.-Colonel W. Sharp, M.B.E., Lieut.-Colonel J. St. A. Mausman, D.S.O., Major A. E. Stokes-Roberts, O.B.E., M.C., Brig.-General R. A. Bright, C.B., C.B.E.; front row—Colonel W. S. Mackenzie, O.B.E., Colonel H. S. Mosley, D.S.O., Colonel J. McD. Haskard, C.M.G., D.S.O., Brig.-General G. H. Addison, C.M.G., D.S.O., Major-General B. D. Fisher, C.B., K.H.P., Brig.-General A. A. Goschen, D.S.O., Colonel A. Crookenden, D.S.O., Colonel B. A. Hill, D.S.O.



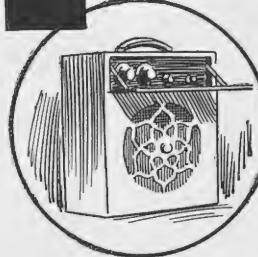
WONDERS OF THE AGES...

They marvelled at the
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that brought in speech at only a whisper. A fearsome affair beside a modern "mains" set receiving all Europe! Similar progress is evident in the "Tricoline" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas of our day. As comfortable and stylish as real silk, yet much less in cost—and far more enduring in wear. Handsome in the colours and designs men require to-day—all reliable and true.

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THE EQUAL TO SILK
SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS

SOLD BY LEADING HOSIERS, OUTFITTERS & STORES.
If any difficulty in obtaining, write M.7, "TRICOLINE" House,
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WEATHERCOATS.

Made and proofed by Nicholson & Co., St. Albans.
Rainproof yet porous.
Cool and Light.



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THESE FINELY TAILORED FLANNEL SUITS COST LESS THIS YEAR

West of England flannel is acknowledged to be the finest the world produces. It is the only flannel that is ever used for Austin Reed grey flannel suits. All the skill and experience of expert tailors are devoted to producing suits worthy of such cloth. These suits are made in such a comprehensive system of sizes and fittings that it is almost always easy for us to fit a man perfectly and immediately. Men who regard an Austin Reed grey flannel suit as an indispensable part of summer—and there are a great many of them—will welcome the news that prices have been reduced this year.

GREY FLANNEL SUITS
Expertly tailored from West of England Flannel
SINGLE BREASTED DOUBLE BREASTED
NOW £5 NOW £5.10

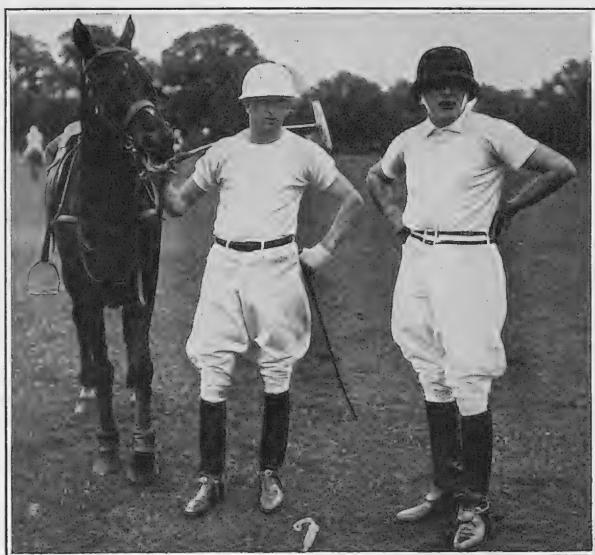
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ELEVEN "NEW TAILORING" CENTRES
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CITY: 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3

Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds,
Bristol and Belfast

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 118

would relieve our over-worked police of a lot of piffling work upon which they are at present compelled by law to waste their time and energy. Instead of being compelled to go out gunning for the criminal who sells or buys a sweep ticket they would have time to hunt the real foxes, the murderers and the bandits, and the cat and other kinds of burglars who, I should say, take on an all-round average about £10,000 a week out of England alone. Why waste the energies of our magnificent sleuths on manufacturing "crime" out of silly little peccadilloes? It is a crime, for instance, to leave your car standing in say, Bond Street, while you hop out to buy a box of cigarettes. It is a crime to have a half-crown bet in the streets, but you can have two-and-a-half monkeys on with your bookmaker indoors, or his S.P. office, or on the course if you've got it to have and he'll let you. We are too distressingly unco-guid for words; the only commandment we will not forgive ourselves for breaking is the eleventh: "Thou Shalt Not Be Found Out." Why not cease this silly ostrich act and face the obvious facts? We think, or some of us do, that Monaco is the ante-room to Hades—while we are in England; but once we have thrown the Channel behind us and go to any country where gambling is recognized and regulated, we chip in quite merrily and completely forget about what they think in the Land of the Pharisee in which we have been born and bred. Look how even the most sombre people come clean off the handle the moment they exchange Peckham for Paris.



Dennis Moss
AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT POLO CLUB: MR. A. BULLOCK
AND MR. R. WEININGER

Two visitors from abroad at that great polo centre, the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club. Mr. Bullock is a wealthy American player, and Mr. Weininger, equally wealthy, has come from Germany to see how it is done in England

Some news of the doings of the Eastern Counties Otter Hounds which I think may be of interest to many people who live in London has been sent me by a correspondent with a request that I should give it publicity. The pack is now run by a committee, and they want new subscribers. Major Berners, who had hounds for ten seasons before, not worrying about subscriptions, has made it difficult in consequence for others to carry on. A recent meet at Waltham Abbey was arranged in order to bring the pack to the notice of people who live in or about London. The pack is easily accessible for people who are keen, many of the meets being within thirty miles of London and on Saturdays, other hunting days being Mondays and Wednesdays. Sport this season has not been good, so I hear, rivers early in season being in flood, and since then scent poor; also the Masters have hunted quite a number of rivers where the pack had not been for years, and the probable result has been the trapping of otters. On Saturday, July 18, at 10 a.m., the Eastern Counties Otter Hounds will meet at Waltham Abbey, 12½ miles as the crow flies from the Bank of England. The nearness of the meet to London is a thing which will probably be of interest to many of our readers, some of whom may be pleased to renew acquaintance with the E.C.O.H.s. The E.C.O.H.s were formed in 1897, with kennels at Chelmsford, being then known as the Essex Otter Hounds. This season the rivers of Norfolk have been loaned to the neighbouring pack, the Bure Valley; the E.C.O.H.s, with kennels at Polstead, hunting the rivers in Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, and Hertford, with Messrs. D. B. Rose and T. J. C. Weir as Joint Masters.

BENSON JEWELS — ON EXTENDED CREDIT TERMS



Diamond Brooch £12 12s.



Diamond Brooch £21



Sapphire and Diamond Brooch £15 10s.



Sapphire and Diamond Flexible Bracelet £120



Diamond Flexible Bracelet £35



Diamond Brooch £45



Sapphire and Diamond Brooch £27 10s.



Sapphire and Diamond Brooch £45

Benson's catalogue "C" shows a wide selection of fine jewellery at prices ranging from a few pounds to several hundreds.

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Benson jewels embody the finest materials, specially selected gems and superb workmanship. A few examples from the immense stock are illustrated—chosen stones set in platinum, with 18-ct. white gold mounts. Under Benson's "Times" System of Monthly Payments, any of their jewellery, rings, bracelet and pocket watches, chains, clocks, silver, etc., can be yours for a small first payment. For example, an article costing £21 can be yours for 21/- down, the balance being payable in 19 monthly payments of the same amount. No interest is charged. If you cannot call at Benson's showrooms, write for their illustrated catalogue, mentioning your requirements.



Everybody's a privileged passenger by White Star

As long as you're aboard a White Star liner you feel that the ship belongs to you. It's just that everybody is at your service—not in any fussy obtrusive way, but always truly concerned that what you like shall be there; that you shall have a good time in your own way; grave or gay as the case may be. One likes that—the pleasant freedom; the friendly amenities. One goes White Star always because of it.

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Southampton, Cherbourg and New York

S.S. MAJESTIC	... JULY 22
S.S. OLYMPIC	... JULY 29
S.S. HOMERIC	... AUG. 5

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S.S. BALTIC	... JULY 31
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Liverpool, Belfast, Glasgow, Quebec and Montreal

S.S. DORIC	... JULY 31
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PERFECT COMPLEXION AND VIGOUR



Photograph by Mannell

MISS CELIA JOHNSON,

the distinguished young actress, now playing the lead in "Death Takes A Holiday" at the Savoy Theatre, writes :—

"IN many an actress's life Phosferine plays a leading part. But to the actress, like myself, of straight drama, it is indispensable. The success of any play depends naturally enough upon absolute concentration, prolonged tension, and lasting good spirits. Phosferine insures all these and much more. It provides against the sometimes harmful effects of getting 'worked up' every night, and often twice daily, for weeks on end. Phosferine is without doubt the firm friend of every actress, and unquestionably it is the tonic of tonics, for undoubtedly it allows one to enjoy all recreations without a nagging sense of fatigue after the innumerable late and arduous nights. What is more important, and so essential on the stage, but yet so far outside the limits of grease-paint, Phosferine gives one that perfect complexion and vigorous health."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
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Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT—the Summer Tonic Laxative. It tones as it cleanses! Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6

Aldwych

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS RUTH OLDFIELD

Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. Frederic Howard Aykroyd, the second son of Sir Frederic Howard Aykroyd, Bart., and Lady Aykroyd, of Birstow Hall, Harrogate, Yorkshire, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Oldfield of Moor Hill, Harewood, Yorkshire.

who is the elder son of Colonel Herbert Southam, late R.G.A. (T.F.), and Mrs. Southam of Loxley House, Woking, Surrey, is marrying Miss Anna Christabel Gair, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. George Herbert Gair, Sub-Agent of the Bank of England, and Mrs. Gair of Limecroft, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The marriage is to be in Foochow, China. On August 26, Lieutenant Ughtred H. R. James, R.N., and Miss Fynola MacKinnon, the elder daughter of Captain Lachlan MacKinnon, R.N., and Mrs. MacKinnon, are being married in Malta. Mr. Thomas G. S. Colls, the son of the late Mr. A.

A Scottish Wedding.

On September 7, Mr. Charles Herbert Brown, K.C., Sheriff of the Lothians and Peebles, is marrying Miss Mary Lennox Liston, the second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel W. Glen Liston, C.I.E., M.D., and Mrs. Liston of Millburn Tower, Gogar, Midlothian, and the wedding is to be in Gogar church.

Marrying Abroad.

Some time next month, Mr. T. Wallace Southam, of the Asiatic Petroleum Company,



MR. AND MRS. PETER MILLER

Who were married on June 6 at the Erskine Church, Montreal, Canada. The bride was formerly Miss Betty Speirs, late of Leven, Fife

Stanley Colls and Mrs. Charles Hayley, and Miss Katherine Joan Sutton, the younger daughter of Mr. W. Lincoln Sutton, F.I.C., of Eaton, Norwich, are being married in August in Montreal.

Recent Engagements.

Lieut.-Commander Edward Reignier Conder, R.N., of H.M.S. *Vivid*, the elder son of Canon E. B. and Mrs. Conder of St. John's Vicarage, Leamington Spa, and Miss Ruth Kingsmill Brown (Ann), the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Brown of Ven Ayr, Leland, Cornwall; Mr. George Richard Audley Johnson, the eldest son of Mr. George Johnson, J.P., and Mrs. Johnson of Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, and Miss Audrey Clare Prest, the younger daughter of Mr. E. E. B. Prest and the late Mrs. Prest of West Byfleet, Surrey; Captain Alfred Beckett, 3rd Queen Alexandra's Own Gurkha Rifles, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Beckett of Terenure, Littlehampton, and Miss Nancy Margaret Snell, the only daughter of the Rev. C. C. and Mrs. Snell of The Vicarage, Littlehampton.



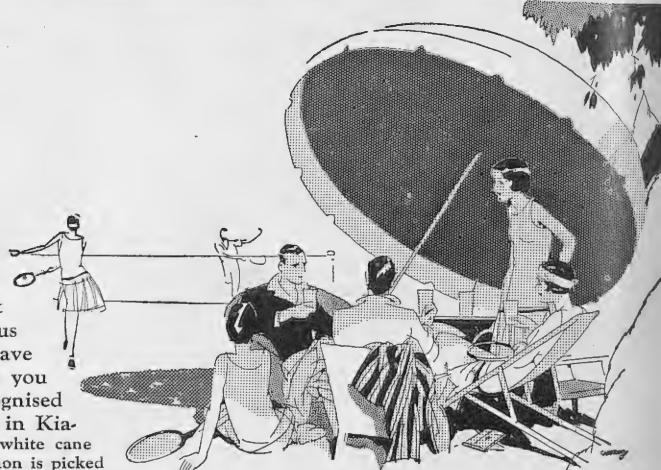
MISS ANNE KNOX

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perry Knox of 57, Melbury Court, W., who is to marry Mr. Alan James Schute, the son of the late Mr. Arthur Schute and Mrs. Schute of Sydney, Australia.


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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

In a charming article on the late Mr. Marples in "Our Dogs" of June 19, Mr. Hally pays a pleasant tribute to the part played by our Association in the development of dog shows. We were, from our start in 1894, strongly backed by Mr. Marples. Mr. Hally says Mr. Marples realized that in the L.K.A. there was a vehicle for the bettering of dogdom, always his aim. Memories are always short, time passes so quickly, and new generations arise "that knew not Joseph"; this generation of exhibitors does not realize the strong opposition our Association met with at its start both from "the powers that were" and from the dog-showing fraternity—literally *fraternity*, there were no women exhibitors. The great change for the better in the conduct of dog shows during the last thirty years is mainly due to the influence of the L.K.A. It is also inconceivable to the present generation, used to women doing everything, to realize that there was domestic opposition as well; fathers and husbands were not sure that it was "nice" for their womenkind to attend dog shows, much less exhibit. In all these things our Association was a pioneer.



COCKER PUPPIES

The property of Miss Cousens

CH. JIM O'MOY
The property of Mrs. Holt

The office will be closed for three weeks in August, during which time Mrs. Trelawny will take a well-earned holiday. All members will join in wishing her a good rest and a pleasant, amusing time. Will anyone who has any business with her kindly get it done by August if possible.

I have an application from a good kennelmaid; she is willing to undertake all duties connected with dogs, can also drive a car, and is willing to help with house, garden, or needlework.

Summer is no sooner—or later—with us than the autumn is here; now is the turn of the gun-dog and Field Trial winners. In this connection it is interesting to see the picture of the famous Irish setter, Champion Jim O'Moy—now the property of Mrs. Holt, who has taken over the late Mr. Edgar Roe's kennel. Champion Jim O'Moy is not only a champion himself but the sire of four champion certificate winners and two Field Trial winners—a great record indeed. Mrs. Holt has other good setters and pointers at stud, also ten Field Trial winners either for sale or hire for the season; she also has some pointer pups for sale.

The popularity of the cocker increases rather than diminishes, he is seen everywhere. He is a specially good pal, equally at home in town or country. Miss Cousens sends a snap of some cocker pups she has for sale. Though the pups are black, the sire was red, so the ladies of the family will probably breed red pups. Miss Cousens also has a well-bred wire fox-terrier dog for sale, six months old; she says "he is very game and would make a very good companion" indeed. Miss Cousens recently exported a winning wire to Germany, where he has done very well indeed. She keeps only a small kennel, but usually has some cockers and terriers for sale.

Talking of companions reminds one of the alsatian; his admirers say no dog can equal him as a companion. Mrs. O'Brien has two young alsatians for sale, ten months old, dog and bitch. They are house-trained, good tempered, used to children, chickens, and sheep. Mrs. O'Brien will sell them only to homes where they will be kept as house pets. The price to suitable homes will be reasonable. She also has an older dog for sale; all are winners.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

SALLY OF SCRIVENTON
The property of Mrs. O'Brien

Everyone likes the 'nutty' flavour

When the grocer sent some other kind of Water Biscuits, the whole family rose to protest. "But these aren't Jacobs!" They missed at once the delicate crispness, and the real nutty flavour that make Jacob's Water Biscuits the only right accompaniment to cheese among discerning people. Don't let your grocer make the same mistake. He's sure to have Jacob's—loose, in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packets, or 1/3, 2/- and 2/5 tins.

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of ailing and necessitous London children are in need of a change. The Children's Country Holidays Fund are hoping to send 27,000 children away this year, but many, many more

ARE WANTING TO GO.

Will you make your own holiday the brighter, the better, by sending something to THE EARL OF ARRAN, P.C., M.P., Room 6, 18 Buckingham Street, Strand, London?

The Sphere of Travel

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and practical information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

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Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

Air Eddies—continued from p. 98

about four hours or so, the astonished people at Hanworth saw the Wien arrive and land. Without any visible means of support it had come all round London, skirting Biggin Hill and Croydon, and had finally landed at the point of departure. Herr Kronfeld had been sitting in the air without a sound all that time, making his way noiselessly and powerless to the other side of London, looking down on the turmoil of the streets from his cool height and skilfully manoeuvring among the clouds. It was a masterly demonstration which, owing partly to the bickering before mentioned and partly to its having lacked noise, has not yet been fully appreciated.

* * *

King's Cup Race Entries.

Among the entries for the King's Cup race, which will take place at Heston on July 25, is one by Mr. J. C. Webster, of the Montreal Light Aeroplane Club. This is the first Dominion entry for the race. The machine is a Curtiss-Reid Rambler of new design, having attractive lines. Mr. Webster brought it over with him in the boat, uncrated, with its wings folded. From Southampton it was towed along the roads to Hamble, where the wings were spread, and it was flown to Heston. No more popular win could be imagined than that by Mr. Webster, who is liked by everyone in the aeronautical community who has met him.

Before the King's Cup race there are several events of note, the first of them being the R.A.F. Air Exercises which start to-day in the London area, and which will give the Hawker Furies of No. 43 Squadron an opportunity of doing some intensive intercepting. On Saturday there is the Ramsgate Air Rally at the Thanet Aviation Company's Aerodrome, when there is to be an air race round Thanet. And then on Wednesday the 22nd, a week hence, the Household Brigade Flying Club will hold its air pageant at Heston. Last year the quality of the flying at the Household Brigade's meeting was unsurpassed, and judging from the names of those who will be taking part this year it seems likely that that high standard will be maintained.

It would be pleasant to see a pageant open to the public at which the best pilots in every branch of flying made their appearance. The R.A.F. Display, it must be confessed, is mainly a master-piece of organization; there is also room for a civil pageant which would be a master-piece of individualism, in which the acknowledged experts would give short exhibitions in their own particular specialities. But the difficulties of producing such a pageant would be immense.

Snowden and the Aerodromes.

In these days it is only the loud who can hope to make any progress; the still small voice of reason is inaudible, certainly in all matters of Government. While furious protests have been made about the taxing of playing fields, nothing effective has been said—apart from Mr. T. S. Sprigg's leading article in "Airways"—about the taxing of privately-owned aerodromes and landing grounds. The golfer rose up in his might when it was suggested that his course would be subject to tax; but the aeronaut remained mute. Failure to make an effective protest against the taxing of aerodromes and landing grounds is an indication of the scissions and divisions in the British aeronautical world. The petty jealousies and the miniature battles take up all the attention of those who are supposed to be looking after the interests of British flying, with the result that no effective mass action is possible on any subject. It is in the lack of cohesion that the loss of Sir Sefton Brancker is severely felt; for he had the power in time of need to rally all interested in civil aviation together for a cause.

* * *

"The Tatler" Scheme.

In the near future it will be possible to discuss the results of The TATLER Flying Competition. The winners have been published from week to week, and in many cases the clubs have sent me brief reports which I have kept by me with the aim of collating all the information and presenting a critical review later on. One of the most notable features of the scheme is that it has put the idea of the ease and rapidity of flying training into the minds of many people who previously held the erroneous impression that learning to fly was long drawn-out and difficult.

"Learn at Lympne."

The Cinque Ports Club has produced a new edition of their booklet, "Learn at Lympne," at the price of 1s. a copy. A great deal of valuable information is contained in this publication, which is extremely well produced and well illustrated. Mr. Dallas Brett, who did so much to make the Cinque Ports Club the success it is, has had to resign the position of honorary secretary on account of the demands of business, and Mr. A. J. Drake, of Hythe, has taken his place. Mr. Dallas Brett has been appointed an honorary life member of the club in recognition of his services in founding it and in performing the duties of honorary secretary for more than three years.

The winner in "The Tatler" competition at the Hampshire Aeroplane Club, is—Mr. W. J. Nuthall, Shirley Park Road, Shirley, Southampton.



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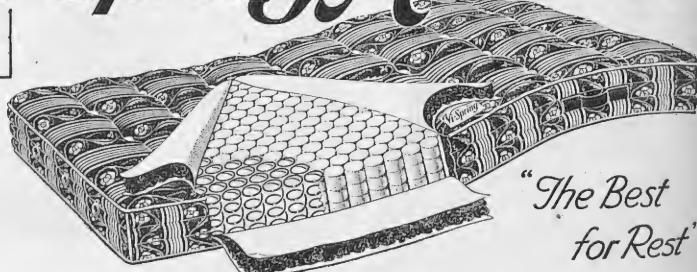
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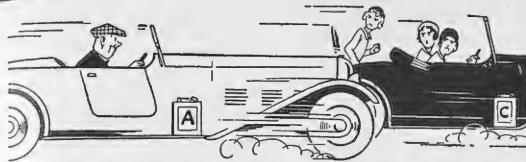
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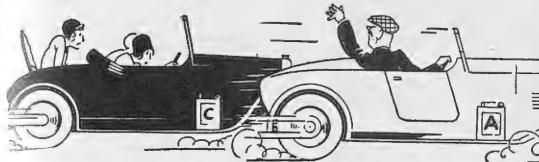
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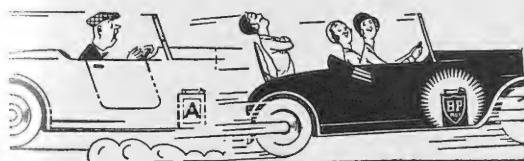
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and took the lead,**



**So all the girls
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Motor Notes and News

The Riley Motor Club twenty-four hours trial—the first of its kind ever held in this country—was brought to a successful conclusion at Llangollen on Saturday (July 4). Seventy out of the seventy-one starters completed the course; this is a remarkable tribute to the reliability of the modern car. The event was divided into two sections, night and day. Various starting points were fixed throughout the country, and competitors drove all night to the rallying place, Brecon, in South Wales. Most of the distances from the starting point to Brecon were nearly 300 miles. After breakfast the day section began with a 150-mile course, largely over rough tracks on the Welsh mountains. Staylittle Hill and Bwlch-y-Groes were included, and to avoid loss of marks competitors had to average twenty-two miles per hour over the timed sections of each of these hills. The premier award was won by Mr. Crosthwaite, who started from Leeds, and the best performance by a woman driver was made by Mrs. Harold Goodwin, who set off from Southsea. Mr. J. Hobbs starting from London received the Directors' Challenge Trophy for the best performance in the trade class. All the cars, of course, were of Riley manufacture. After the event competitors and passengers were entertained by the Riley Club.

* * *

Gabriel d'Annunzio, the great Italian poet, has once again paid a high compliment to British sportsmanship. The motor-boating trophy which he presented last year in memory of Sir Henry Segrave has been sent specially to this country to be placed in the hands of the Marine Motoring Association for safe keeping until it is competed for again next year. The d'Annunzio Trophy was first offered for competition at the International Race Meeting at Lake Garda a month ago, and Lord Wakefield's *Miss England II*, piloted, of course, by Mr. Kaye Don, was one of the first to compete for it. None of the contestants qualified, but as a gesture of goodwill and appreciation of the effort put forth by Lord Wakefield and Mr. Kaye Don, d'Annunzio specially desired that the trophy should remain for the time being in



A HOOPER ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE ON 30-40 DOUBLE-SIX DAIMLER CHASSIS

Photographed in the High Alps immediately after the snow had receded and the passes were open

this country. In a quaintly-phrased letter he describes his emotions during the racing at Lake Garda. "Since victory was in suspense," he wrote, "I said, 'God for Don!' Profundity claims the sign, I will throw this desperate cup overboard. It is not an useless obole, but a weighty pledge to explore the unknown, to achieve the impossible, to prove that only a thing is illimit in the whole world—Courage of Man!" "Because I wish to avoid the profound temptation," he added, "I send the Winged Cup to the powerful Marine Motoring Association."

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 120

of the Census returns. Me Lud, I refer to the pronounced decline of the birth rate. Me Lud, I can see that you catch the force of my observations . . . Well, that's how it might have gone, but that's how it didn't. Perhaps this poor wight who got soaked *was* driving badly. In that event we won't waste our sympathies upon him . . . but some day I can see the possibilities of a *cause célèbre*.

Point of View.

I suppose that I naturally become more critical and irritable as I get older, for, nowadays, I always seem to be finding fault with motoring conditions, which, when all is said and done, are not so bad. Now, I got very angry to-day with a large motor-car, to wit, a landauette, and the reasons were that I was in a vast hurry and that this thing had no back window. Do as I would I could not get past it, and it was so utterly opaque that I couldn't get a glimpse of what was in front of it, for it had not so much as a square millimetre of back window. It was a highly respectable motor-car of marked Presbyterian mien, steatopygic, and just about as quick in the get-away as my own car. So I had to be content, for mile after mile, to sniff its expensive exhaust. I understand that some time in the dark ages there was a tax on windows. Mr. Morrison might do worse than reverse the process and institute an extra tax upon cars which have no back windows.

The Ideal Car for the Critical Owner-Driver

THE finest 'Light Six' production that has ever been achieved—the A.C. Aceades—is still on the market.

Retaining all its original superb qualities, but with added improvements, and produced under entirely different management at a reduced price, it presents the ideal car for the critical owner-driver—elegant, individual, different from all others. There is no other similar sized car with such a pleasing cruising speed.

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Produced from the finest Highland Malts
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The map shows routes from Britain to Europe, South Africa, India, Australia, Canada, and South America. The routes are indicated by concentric arcs and numbers representing distances or speeds. A portrait of King George IV is centered in the map.

"King George IV"
OLD SCOTCH
WHISKY

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, have been giving treatment and massage, by doctor's request, to a girl who used to be a helpless cripple with rheumatoid arthritis. They are pleased to report that now the girl can not only stand, but she is able to walk with the aid of a stick, and she has also recovered the use of her arms. The doctor's reports are excellent. He most kindly attends her free of charge, for he is so interested in the case, but the Friends of the Poor cannot fail her at this point, as it is essential that the massage shall continue for a few months longer. When first this case came to the Society's notice her family, consisting of her widowed mother and sister, were practically penniless. Things are a little brighter now, but they are still terribly poor. Twelve pounds is urgently needed to continue the treatment for this very hopeful case.

* * *

The progressive Southern Railway doubtless recognize that Bournemouth is one of their "show" resorts have, in association with the Pullman Car Company, inaugurated a new special and luxurious train service to be known as the "Bournemouth Belle," which leaves Waterloo on week-days and Sundays at 10.30 a.m., arriving at Bournemouth Central at 12.39 p.m. in time for lunch, taking just two hours and nine minutes to do the 108 miles. The return journey is made by leaving Bournemouth at 5.10 p.m. and reaching Waterloo at 7.18 p.m. On week-days the train goes on to Poole, Wareham, Dorchester and Weymouth, where it arrives at 1.45 p.m., and leaves on its return journey at 4 p.m. Quite a large number of the general public is still unfamiliar with the very small extra charges made for the luxury of Pullman travelling. In addition to the ordinary tourist or week-end fare to Bournemouth, 3s. 6d. on the first-class and 2s. on the third-class tickets secure a seat in one of these comfortable cars.

* * *

The first International Wine Tasting Conference to be held in London took place at the Savoy Hotel on July 6. For many years past a number of connoisseurs of wine have met informally in London about this time of the year to discuss the new wines that are appearing on the lists and to taste and enjoy familiar ones, but this is the first time it has become in any sense a *Conference*.

The representatives, who will meet at the Savoy Hotel at intervals throughout July, will work slowly, but every kind of wine will be conferred upon before the conference closes, about 350 wines in all. The purpose of the conference, in which are represented committees from France, Germany, the United States and London, is to reaffirm our tribute to wine and the wine-lovers' views regarding certain particular wines and vintages. The conference does not set out specifically to seek new wines or vintages that may suddenly become favoured by fashion, though it will naturally pay attention to the way in which wines of the last two or three years are coming along. Wine is frequently ruined by being served with the wrong food; the most perfect and expensive wine cannot tolerate that. And therefore another purpose of this 1931 conference is to try and show the blending of food flavours with a wine's bouquet. It is especially interesting that the United States is represented at the Conference, the Chairman of the American Committee being Judge James O'Murfin of Detroit.

* * *

Messrs. Godfrey Phillips Ltd., have just placed on the market, under the brand name "Canadian Club," a new and very interesting series of Canadian grown tobaccos.

In introducing this range of tobaccos, which consists of Mixtures, Curly Cuts, Navy Cuts, Flakes and Fine Cuts, they are explaining to their customers that the tobacco employed is all grown in the Province of Ontario, where, though few people realize the fact in England, growers have for many years succeeded in harvesting crops of tobacco which are actually and naturally equivalent to the finest Virginia tobaccos previously exclusively used for smoking tobaccos of this class and quality. The fact that the British public have not hitherto had the opportunity which they are now offering is, of course, due to the fact that the supplies of this Canadian tobacco have hitherto not been available for export, but Messrs. Godfrey Phillips have now been fortunate in securing large quantities of the cream of these crops. The initial reception of these new brands is very encouraging, and we feel sure that if the public once fully appreciate and take full advantage of the opportunity now afforded, their consumption might become a really substantial factor in the development of Empire trade. Messrs. Godfrey Phillips have been able to offer this to the public at the price of 11d. for a 1-oz. tin or 1s. 9d. for a 2-oz. tin.



AT PONTRESINA: LORD AND LADY CUSHENDUN

Taken during their recent sojourn in that idyllic spot in the Swiss Alps, where it is as charming in summer as it is bracing in winter. Lord and Lady Cushendun were married last December. She was Miss Catherine Margesson, and is a daughter of Sir Mortimer and Lady Isabel Margesson

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talking**

Taste it!

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and
Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and

clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

BEAUTIFUL SPAIN



AVILA. The Walls.



SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA. The Cathedral.



GRANADA. Arrayanes Courtyard in the Alhambra.



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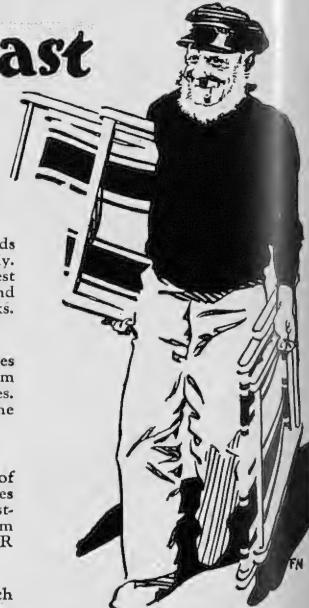
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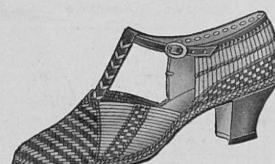
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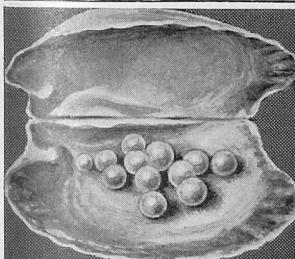
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